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"PUT OUT THE LIGHT."

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

The lights from the windows gleamed golden and
The music came low, like the humming of bees;
Through the parted silk curtains the dancers al-
ready
She saw bending and waving like boughs in a
breeze.

Her wild eyes were strange and her olive cheeks
burning.
As crochets behind roses and sweet mignonette,
She watched, with a still fascination, the furnishing
Kaleidoscope figures that parted and met.

The dewy lawn glittered; the nestled birds twit-
tered.

Disturbed by the music and light underneath:
Her black hair fell heedless; her pale lips, embittered.

By words that were curses, were gnawed by her
teeth.

All little the lord of the *fête* apprehended
What eyes, through the roses, were watching for
him!

The eyes that he loved were like sapphires—so
splendid

With sunny blue light—not these eyes dark and
dull.

On his arm hung his bride, all in white, fair and
stately.

His wedding-ring shone on her soft little hand;

He drooped his proud head to speak words low and
tender—

He recalled not the past in a far, foreign land.

The lovely Venetian was long since forgotten—

The sweets of her lip and the warmth of her
breast;

Their gondola, now, on the water lies rotten.

And she may be dead—so he hopes—and at rest.

The moon plays sweetly, the dancers dance lightly;

The sound of soft laughter breaks out now and
then.

The broad golden beam of the lamps hovers brightly
Where bridegroom and bride on the terrace are seen.

Like a ghost from the roses she silently rises—

"Who's this?" asks the bride with a shudder of
surprise;

Her murmurs: "Isola, why comest thou here?"

"To tell this fair mistress your own wife once
rested.

As close in these arms as she'll slumber to-night—

To give her sweet joy of my husband—attested

To be so, by this—Madam, see you it right?

She flung down a ring, and the bride, pale as mar-
ble,

Stooped, caught at the jewel, and read the name
there:

A bird overhead began softly to warble,

The dancers were dancing, the lights shining
fair.

But the bride did not come to the feast that
awaited:

She cast for her father—"Oh, hide me!" cried
she;

While the phantom laughed low at the bridegroom
unmated—

Laughed wildly and low, ere she died at his knee.

A Woman's Hand:

OR,
THE MYSTERY OF MEREDITH PLACE.

BY SEELEY REGESTER,
AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD LETTER," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE GOVERNESS.

A few paragraphs will suffice to state all that is necessary to be known with regard to the career of my uncle, Dr. Meredith. His father had been a physician before him—a successful one—and had left this very old stone homestead and its broad acres, with considerable other property, to his son, of whom he had high hopes, seeing how fond he was of the pursuits which had always had such fascinations for himself. But, the first doctor had been a worker and a practical man; the second was a dreamer and an impractical man in many things necessary to an outside independence. The plain country people among whom we passed our lawns were afraid of him. He was not broad enough in his humor, coarse enough in his jests, nor quack enough in his treatment to give them complete satisfaction; so their patronage was bestowed on worthier aspirants, and my uncle lived very happily with his beautiful and highbred wife, unmindful that the golden thread of prosperity was slipping out of his hands; glad not to be called away too frequently from his darling experiments in the laboratory, and his still more darling wife and child.

Little Lillian was the wonder and glory of the household. She was a sight worth speaking of when any one had seen her or her mother—one the reduced image of the other. They rode out nearly every fine day, and the trim little carriage, the glittering harness, the jet-black ponies, and equally jet-black driver, never failed of awaking the same interest and curiosity, while the lady and child were regarded as only a little lower than the angels. Lillian had long, bright hair which rippled down to her waist, a fair, fair face, and splendid dark-hazel eyes which blazed like stars. You see, I describe her, instead of her mother. For, was she not ever, is she not still, the central idea about which all others revolve?

It was Lillian who drew a gleam of sunshine, to me, when the lumbering stage left me, a penniless orphan-boy, stranded on my uncle's doorstep and my uncle's bounty. She was then ten and I fourteen. I was poor, ill-dressed, and bad. I wondered that she could be so kind to me. My father, although I, too, was a Meredith, never had been anything but a disgrace to his family. A spendthrift, with no settled occupation, he had married an uneducated woman, who yet had a heart which he could break, and who had died in poverty when I was six years old. After her death I was confident to the core of such persons as my father could induce to keep me for small compensation. When my board-bill remained too long unpaid, I would be turned adrift, and then he would find me another home, equally wretched with the last. Thus I had lived, in a city, too, exposed to all the associations besetting a boy who spent

the most of his time on the street, until I was thirteen, when my father, also, died, writing, on his death-bed, a letter to Dr. Meredith, which resulted in my being sent for by him, and adopted into his family.

I did not realize how great must have been the generosity, how keen the sense of duty of my uncle, in bringing a child like me into his house, allowing me to sit at his board, to enjoy, under restriction, the companionship of his daughter, and in devoting so much of his time to my neglected education. The patience with which he strove to eradicate my vices and encourage my virtues was then too young to appreciate. I was ungrateful. I fretted under this unaccustomed restraint. My new life would have been intolerable had it not been for the boundless passion cherised for my cousin. From the moment my eyes fell upon her I had excited her to a niche in the neglected temple of my soul where I daily knelt before her image worshiping her as something supremely beautiful and holy.

"He is too much like his father," my uncle would say, with a sigh, when I had deserted my studies for some reckless piece of mischief, or the society of the workmen of the place. "If he has been made wrong, we must remake him; my aunt would answer, bending such a gentle, pitiful regard on me as melted me, secretly, to tears and good resolutions.

I did not know it was good, I did try; but I was like my father, and I was the victim of a most pernicious training.

If Lillian, so happy, so pure, could have dreamed of my struggles, my agonies of shame, my resolutions made only to be broken, she would, perhaps, have held out her little soft hand to help me. But she regarded me, generally, with a shy curiosity mingled with a slight degree of aversion for the "naughty boy." Her evident natural craving for child-society and liking for me were held in check by opposing feelings of doubt and distrust. I represented the latter while I worshipped her now.

My heart was set on to meet Mrs. Meredith, the only other living person. Alas! before I had dwelt a year under her soothsaying influence, she was snatched from us all, dying suddenly of a prevailing fever.

Her death was a terrible calamity. It made me very wretched; but when I looked into my uncle's face, I saw a shadow there which I felt would never lighten. I was very lonely the succeeding year. Lillian and I were separated more than ever. Except at table we seldom met. Pos-

sibly the mother, on her death-bed, warned my uncle to be cautious of allowing any girl to enter his house. For, she had very jealous ideas of his child, and evidently had placed her, and the young lady whom he had procured as governess and companion for her, under limitations as to the extent of their friendly offices toward me. He did not intend to harden me, nor to rob me of the womanly influences which I secretly craved; he but sought to protect his own, while doing no injustice to me. He did not neglect me; in all his troubles, he gave daily attention to my studies, but there was a mechanism in his instruction which taught me, instinctively, as to the extent of their friendly offices toward me. He did not intend to harden me, nor to rob me of the womanly influences which I secretly craved; he but sought to protect his own, while doing no injustice to me. 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ingly, that I marveled at the blind composure of my dea' uncle under it all. In fact, the Doctor regarded her with something of the same affection he gave to Lillian; and the passion he ever had felt for women, wife or wife slumbered in the grave of her he had lost.

Still Miss Miller did not despair; that I could guess from her deportment. I was glad when she took to chemistry, for it removed her Argus-eyed surveillance from me, hours at a time, when I could be happy in my arm-chair or on my lounge, looking at Lillian, listening to her singing, watching her fingers busy with the needle and her embroideries.

I had begun the study of medicine. My uncle advised it, as I was unfitted for active employment; and I would have been rash and ungrateful to throw away the opportunity to read under such an instructor. I did not like it; on the contrary I had no taste for it; but I had no other way of proving my desire to please him, and my resolution to become indus-

trous affairs drifted slowly on, until the world at large, and the idlers of Hampton township and village began to discuss the marvelous discoveries of gold in California. From the very first rumors which floated about, until his final decision was made, my uncle showed more interest in this subject than he had in anything since his wife's death. All the romance of his nature took fire, as he read and mused over the accounts from that wonderful country. Being a geologist as well as chemist, he felt a keen desire to examine for himself, by the light of science, the fascinating developments of the new El Dorado. He wanted to be free from the complications which hampered him, to shake off debts, dues, and depressing memories, to plunge into a new life—and, to make money. He would have this longed-for adventure, and, at the same time, he would lift the shadow from Meredith Place and set it once more to glowing in the full sunshine of prosperity!

Thus he felt and thus decided. Miss Miller opposed him with dismay. But, when she satisfied herself that she had no power to keep him yielded, only winning this concession—that on no account, should he be absent more than two years. In the meantime, she would promise to remain that length of time, keeping charge of the house, and continuing the studies of her young pupil.

As for me, I was to continue to abide in the house, affording it the protection (!) of my newly-sprouting beard, and making use of the splendid library of the Doctor to perfect myself, as far as mere reading could enlighten me, in a knowledge of my future profession.

A third mortgage was placed on Meredith Place, giving my uncle the means to provide for our subsistence during his absence, and to pay his passage on one of the vessels which, as spring came on, began to turn their prows toward the land of gold.

Dr. Meredith was thus among the earliest ad-

venturers, and soon becoming known as a man of science, his knowledge and services were quickly brought into requisition. His letters were of absorbing interest, though not very frequent.

The wild, the mad, the strange, peculiar and astonishing aspects of the new life were pictured to us with a vivid pen. The gambling halls, the street murders, the incredible prices of the necessities of life, the hardships of miners, the destructive fires, the "fever" for gold,

with the varying aspects of the disease, the sudden growth of the canvas city, all the novel, and wondrous pastimes, and the scenes of beauty and shadows of the picture were touched for us, and we hung over his letters as over some thrilling romance. Before many months he began to announce that he was coming money almost as fast as he could desire. With a forethought for which he had his reward, he had expended a portion of his restricted fund obtained by the mortgage, every dollar which could be spared, in the purchase of *quinine*. His supply of the much-needed and fabulously-dear drug, united with his skill as a physician, and the constant demand upon his services, for which enormous fees were paid, soon placed him on the high road to wealth.

Miss Miller felt that she was about to reap the rewards of long and patient waiting. I could

read it in the flushed cheek and sparkling eye.

At the end of the first year came a remittance, with directions to pay up the arrears of her salary, with various small debts made in the village, leaving a surplus which enabled us to indulge in a few luxuries.

Lillian declared she would have a new silk dress made *full length* like Miss Miller's, and a bonnet like other young ladies—no more hats for her! Her governess laughed and consented.

Indeed, she took great pains with Lillian's summer toilet, causing a variety of pretty dresses and mantles to be made up, and gloves, scarfs and all the little ornaments of young ladyhood to be provided.

I enjoyed the sight of my beautiful cousin in these becoming toilets. For the first time in my life I was really happy. Our life was most peaceful. I had the consciousness of duty performed, for I was a close student, and was rewarded for my perseverance by becoming deeply interested in and fond of my medical studies. I was regaining the use of my arm; my health was improving, and with that, my looks also, as my mirror told me. I loved Lillian quietly, with intense but calm feeling; she was pleasant and friendly with me; and Miss Miller let me alone.

Yes! I was happy, for a little, fitting time.

In the middle of the summer Miss Miller began to talk about her brother Arthur. He had been working over himself, through this hot weather, studying law in a New York city office.

She had advised him to come to the country for a two months' vacation. She had seen so little of him of late years—and he was her pet; her favorite; the youngest of the family—she felt as if she must have him near her. If she could find a boarding-place not too far away, where

Arthur could be comfortable—

The young mistress of Meredith Place put on quite a marmoreal air as she assured her dear governess that she should be glad to see a proposition—Miss Miller's friends and relatives had the freedom of Meredith Place. How should we all feel with her brother boarding at a strange house!

Miss Miller kissed the sweet face held up with such animation, and as she finished her embrace I met her eyes darting at me a peculiar, searching glance. I blushed, for I knew that my impulses are not to be relied upon; that I am not well-governed; that I was madly jealous of him—and yet, withal, I am certain that I had true grounds for my dislike. Jealousy sharpened my glance, but, in this instance, did not discord it.

Arthur Miller was two or three years older than myself—young enough, but, at that age, giving him immense superiority in the eyes of young ladies—a superiority of which I was keenly sensible. He was very handsome, as far as features, form, and complexion could make him so. To me he was never tolerable looking, because I hated the smooth smile, the red lips formed for treacherous words, and the bold, bright eyes, so like his sister's. He dressed elaborately, was graceful, self-possessed, and his silken mustache was "sweet to see," I suppose; I could not appreciate him. My clothes were shabby and old-fashioned, and I had even outgrown them. I was not graceful, and had little self-possession under such disadvantages. Still, I did not understand myself. I was handsome, too—or would be in a year or two. My face was an honest one, and his was not.

I saw that he was pleased with Lillian's ex-

quisite beauty; I knew he had resolved, before he had been under the roof of Meredith Place on my coming, that he would do his part in furtherance of his sister's desires and designs—whatever these might be.

All was plain enough to me. Dr. Meredith was coming home, rich. Miss Miller, not satisfied with the expectation of becoming the sharer of his fortune, was eager for her favorite brother to "feather his nest" also. It would be pleasant for her to bring about a marriage between him and Lillian. They could all live under one roof, enjoy together the fruits of their labors,—while I—was it reasonable to suppose that Meredith Place would be a happy home for me, when these changes had transpired?

Already I began to feel the old desolation—already I was a wanderer in imagination. Arthur Miller had been raised to a wide a week before Lillian neglected me for him. It was natural she should do so. He had the charm of newness, and a thousand other charms. He was gay and attractive, making the acquaintance of dozens where I would not have found time or way for one. The village young people began to find out what a charming haunt the old brown villa was. We were invited to picnics and evening parties made for Arthur Miller and Lillian Meredith. The pretty toilettes did good service. We gave entertainments in return. Lillian was intoxicated by this first sparkling draught of social enjoyment. She was so very secluded that the gentry and the power of society, when they saw her, was so lovely and so sweet in her manners that she was flattered and puffed almost beyond bearing with equanimity.

I went to all the merry-makings because my cousin insisted, and because my jealousy would not allow me to stay away. It was misery to see them together; yet I could not remain at home, poring over my books, and imagining the two enjoying each other's society. My constant wish was for the two months to elapse, when Miller would return to the city.

His vacation passed, and more. Then Miss Miller announced that Arthur was so delighted with the country, his health was much better, and it was so much easier for a young man to obtain a start in his profession in a village than in a city, he had resolved to open an office in Hampton, and remain at least for the winter.

I saw Lillian smile and blush at this intelligence. The programme was carried out, the office secured; and Arthur, although no longer a guest, became almost a daily visitor at the old mansion. I felt that Miss Miller had acted dishonorably in thus throwing her brother upon Lillian's attention, during the absence of her father. If she really believed Arthur a suitable and acceptable companion for her pupil, she should at least have waited for the sanction of her father's presence. It was hardly fulfilling her duties, as she had promised and assured, to permit and encourage such an intimacy during Doctor Meredith's absence.

Lillian yet was only touching upon womanhood—sixteen that summer—and to inveigle her into an attachment, perhaps an engagement, appeared to me, under the circumstances, the basest of treachery. If I had liked the young gentleman and approved of him, I should have felt the same. As it was, I hardly knew what course to pursue.

Putting all else aside, my own desires or hopes, and not reconciling myself to seeing my cousin in the nets of these two systems. It could not do to write and say as much to Doctor Meredith, since he had more confidence in Miss Miller than he had in me.

After much hesitation, I wrote, early in the winter, begging him to come to the cottage as soon as convenient, but giving no special reason, except that Lillian had become a young lady, and Meredith Place needed a master to keep admiring in the mortgage, every dollar which could be spared, in the purchase of *quinine*.

His supply of the much-needed and fabulously-dear drug, united with his skill as a physician, and the constant demand upon his services, for which enormous fees were paid, soon placed him on the high road to wealth.

It was May when Dr. Meredith reached Meredith Place. My letter had found him involved in business which he could not immediately desert. Probably he attached no great importance to its injunctions.

A telegram from New York informed us of his arrival and gave the details of the household opportunity to order a festal dinner, and to adorn themselves, as ladies will on such occasions, to give welcome to the long-absent master.

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blossoms which made one long bower of the country road; the galloping horses came into sight, and the driver, with a style and flourish meant to do honor to his passenger, and to Meredith Place, drew up before the entrance.

I saw the Doctor leap out, and turn to assist a young lady who had sat by his side; but Lillian had seen nothing saving her father's dear face, and she clung to him so fondly, with tears and laughter, that he had finally to disengage her loving arms.

"Lilly, my child, here is another who needs a welcome home. Call her Inez, or mother, or Mrs. Meredith—what you please—only be friends with her, for my sake."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 384.)

THISBE.

She lives in the smoky city,
Low down by the rainy line;
She asks for a place a piazza,
Nor cares for verse of mine.

She's moving hither and thither,
And often her work is hard;
But sometimes in fine weather
She rests a bit in the yard.

With the empty pail behind her,
She leans her arms on the wall,
And hopes that there he'll find her,
Her lover, strong and tall.

Up in the air above her
The great trains outward go;
And many a lass and her lover
May journey to Jericho.

But when he stoops from his doorway,
And leans his arms on the wall,
The world would be in a poor way
If that were not best of all.

The Velvet Hand:

OR,
THE IRON GRIP OF INJUN DICK.

A Wild Story of the Cinnabar Mines.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "INJUN DICK," "OVERLAND KIT,"
"ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "KENTUCKY
THE SPORT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

It was plainly evident that the dusky maid fully believed that she spoke the truth when she declared that but for her, Blanche, the velvet chief would have joined fortunes with the red braves, the masters of the lava rocks and the great northern wilderness, but the thought was folly! What was she to him, or he to her? If he came near the cottage at all it was to woo the waiting-maid, Zimber, and the proud beauty smiled in scorn at the thought.

The night was growing apace; she turned to enter the house, and was amazed to behold a tall, dark form advancing slowly around the corner of the cottage.

It was an Indian—a brawny chief wrapped up in a ragged blanket.

He ducked his head gravely upon perceiving that he was recognized, and uttered the salutation so common to the half-civilized red-man of the West.

"How ay?"

The girl, well used to the Indians from early childhood, perceived at a glance that this brawny brave was no California savage; no red-skin west of the Rocky Mountain range ever boasted such a build.

"Bad squaw—McCloud girl," he said, gravely nodding his head in the direction taken by the Indian maid. "Chief watch her come—think mebbe she do bad—keep eye on her, boy, but boy, but boy!"

Blanche then understood that the red-man was claiming to act as a protector.</

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Colma shrieked, excited beyond the bounds of endurance, and then lifting his hand he struck the Cinnabar sharp a violent blow in the face. In a second Velvet Hand sprung upon him. He wrenched the Californian from his feet as though he was but a child and forced him over flat upon his back, pressing his powerful knee upon Del Colma's chest; then he drew forth his glittering bowie-knife.

Del Colma was half-stunned by his sudden downfall but he had sense enough left to understand that he was utterly at the mercy of the man whom he had so wantonly provoked.

"Strike!" he cried, wild with impotent rage; "the blood of a degenerate nation may be in my veins, but I do not fear to die."

"Kill you, eh?" cried the victor, with a bitter smile; "oh, no, that is not my game. You called me a thief and now I'm going to brand you as a liar. Your life'll spare but I'll put a mark upon you that will endure to your dying day! The letters L-I-A-R. I'll carve on your forehead!"

"Oh, for heaven's sake spare me that!" fairly yelled Del Colma, white with rage and terror; "death rather—death I beg!"

"Why have you attacked and insulted me so grossly—a man who never injured you?"

"You, a gambler, would marry my sister! I know how you meet her in secret—how you gave her a love-token which she accepted?" hissed Del Colma, almost choking with rage.

"A love-token!" cried Velvet Hand, in astonishment. "Why, I never met your sister but once, and then I happened to stop her runaway horse after she and the saddle had parted company with the beast. And when she thanked me she saw the diamond ring gleaming on my finger—the ring which you gave me as a surety for the gaming debt you owe—her ring, which you had no business to thus dispose of. She never suspected the truth instantly jumped to the conclusion that it had been lost, and found by me, and asked me if I had found it, and I—the poor, mean, miserable thief of a gambler—lied to the girl rather than tell her that her own noble brother had given me the ring as a security for a gambling debt."

"Is this truth?" Del Colma exclaimed, totally bewildered.

"Truth!" cried Velvet Hand, roughly; "do you want me to drive my knife through your throat and let out some of your hot blood that you use such ugly words?"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 380.)

PEARL-LILIES.

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

To-night Iope'd the casket,
Where your gifts lay cool and fair;
Placed one spray upon my bosom,
And the heart-beats throbbed there
Shoot the pearl-formed valley-lilies
Like flowers twinkling in the air.

Then on my bowerward billows
Saw my friend at harp and glimmer,
And I touched the summer glory
Of a dream-land, fancy-wrought—
Drank the wondrous, witching glory
Of ambrosia, poison fraught.

Ah, the fate-spell, wasted nectar
Touches quivering lips to-night;
And the gift-peach glow and glimmer,
And the rose-red, red and golden—
As the sweet, dead hours grow vivid
By the tear-drops, flashing bright.

In this misty, tear-drop mirror
I see you waiting there
For the rustle of my coming—
For my step upon the stair,
Smiling when you see your answer
On my bosom, in my hair.

"Twas a faint, suggestive answer
To the dreamy, drowsy thing;
"If you love me, oh, my darling,
Let those fair pearl-lilies shine
On your bosom, in your tresses—
Then I'll know your heart is mine!"

And the woof semi-darkness
Could not vail my answer sweet,
For your glad eyes seemed the secret
Of a heart-beat, with heart-beat,
And Love's strong enchantment had us,
In a triumph all complete.

Then—but why recall that moment?
Why live or a dream like this?
Let it perish with the memory!
Can it? Ah, that deathless kiss
Holds again my maddened pulses
In the thrall of its bliss.

For the hands around the casket;
It is the gift of to-night,
For I cannot feel the wisdom
Of a Father's hand to-night;
Cannot see why life's fair lilies
Faded in their flower-time bright.

Sowing the Wind;

OR,

THE PRICE SHE PAID.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRATH," "WAS SHE
HIS WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

"HERSELF!"

PAULINE found Jocelyne sitting beside the window, from which she had removed the woolen stuff, enjoying the cool breeze that swept strongly in, laden with suggestions of rain. The stars were being hidden by a thunder-cloud that was rolling up more densely black with every minute, and low down in the horizon fierce flashes of red-hot lightning were darting.

The lamp was extinguished, and at first the room was in a pitchy darkness, but gradually emerging from the brilliant radiance of the rooms below, but she soon became accustomed to it, and was glad to tell of her strange discovery where no tell-tale light would disclose the horrid suspensions she feared her face might reveal.

She deposited the portmanteau on the floor, and laid the flannels on the chair, then went and sat on the floor at Jocelyne's feet.

"Miss Jocelyne, I told you of the man found murdered in the Park—murdered by a stab-wound—and that no clue was found. What would you think if you suddenly came across a stabbing-knife, rusty and discolored, and hidden away?"

Her eager, intense voice excited Jocelyne's curiosity at once.

"What would I do? I should think I had found a clue. What do you mean, Pauline?"

The girl's black eyes glistened in the fitful, lighted gleams.

"I mean," and her voice sunk to a low, sibilant whisper, "I mean, Miss Jocelyne, that I found such a thing just now, down-stairs, in Miss Iva's closet—she tried to kill you, didn't she? If she would do one she would do the other, too."

Jocelyne sprang to her feet, excitedly.

"Oh, Pauline! what dreadful thing do you say? Iva murder—oh, Pauline!"

Then what does the little rusty weapon mean? It is what you call a stiletto, a poniard, a dagger. What is it doing there? They couldn't find it at the time!"

Jocelyne was shivering perceptibly, and her dark eyes had a piteous, horrified light in them.

"It cannot be. Oh, it cannot be, Pauline! I can understand why she would wish me dead, but—he was a stranger to her—an utter stranger!"

I can remember how strangely she has acted ever since. I remember how she has been unusually careful not to send me to that closet. I see now. I can recall how wakeful she has been, and how she insisted on having the door between

her sleeping-room and mine open. Miss Jocelyne, before God, I believe there is something in it."

Her black eyes were shining luridly, in strange contrast to her ghastly, horrified face.

"And to think Mr. Ithamar will marry her!

To think he will have for his wife a woman who secretes a stiletto that none could find when a man stabbed to death was found just at her door! Miss Jocelyne, what shall we do? God guide us what must we do?"

Jocelyne leaned back in her chair, pale, horrid-stricken at the awful suspicion that had fastened on them both. The girl's earnest words that Mr. Ithamar would marry such an over-like probe to the quick were true. What ought she do? What was her duty? Surely, surely, he must be saved; at least, he should know that terrible suspicion—then, do as he thought best.

Pauline had re-curtained the window and lit the lamp, while Jocelyne sat collecting her thoughts.

"I cannot tell, I dare not tell, what we should do. Pauline, don't ask me. I am going away to-morrow—going away where no one will ever know me where I will never hear of my darling again. I will go, and then, after I am gone, if you wish to tell him, you can. But you will never break your promise to me concerning my self-sacrifice. I have promised, Pauline, never to tell him I am alive."

Pauline's face was growing sternly calm. In her black eyes was giving place to a steady, resolute light.

"I promised you, Miss Jocelyne, Mr. Ithamar will never hear from my lips the words that you are alive. You may believe me."

"I do believe you; you have proved yourself a dear, good friend. I never can recompense you for your kindness, but I will pray God to bless you and save you from the woes I have seen and suffered."

The girl reverently, affectionately kissed the fair white hand that lay on her shoulder.

"I could die to see you happy again, Miss Jocelyne."

Jocelyne's low, pathetic voice was infinitely touching to hear.

"I shall never be happy again, in this world, Pauline, but the remembrance of your kindness will be a bright spot to look back upon. And now, as I have so much before me for to-morrow, I think I will try and sleep to-night. Undress me, Pauline, as you used to do—oh, so long ago—and I will try to imagine for little moments it has all been a hideous dream."

Pauline gently undressed and put on a daily lace-trimmed night-dress. She unbound her lovely hair, that rippled below her waist.

Then she dragged in a mattress from the room adjoining, and with sheets and blankets made a comfortable couch—a pitifully humble bed, in such strong contrast with the queenly young creature who so thankfully laid herself upon it.

"I had better take the key, Miss Jocelyne, for I will want to come in and take a nap myself by and by. You can trust me with the key."

"With my life, Pauline, I will trust the key."

And, as Pauline closed the necessary, the last glimpse she had of Jocelyne was as she hastened outside the chair, her dark hair falling like a cloud over her, her fair hands lightly clasped, her beautiful face bowed in silent, earnest devotion.

Pauline made her way cautiously down-stairs, not desiring that her mistress should know of her presence in the house. In the lower hall she heard the sound of voices bidding their host and hostess good-night, and she knew she had just time to secure the stiletto and return the closet so that the voices would not exude suspicion before her mistress came up for the night. She glanced in her own little bedroom to see that everything was in order for the maid who was to occupy her place for the night, and then, with the pale calmness on her face, and the steady, resolute light in her eyes, she went down by the side stairs as Rose went to her room for the night by the front stairs.

"I will go, sir, in one moment. But before I go, I will tell you that, although you saw her lying in her coffin when I laid her away in the vault, although you have married her, despite these months—I swear before God, it was herself, her sweet living self, I saw that you saw, that Miss Iva saw! It is a strange story, sir—shall I tell you? Will you believe it, or doubt as I did, until I could doubt no more?"

He stood like some petrified statue midway between the table and door, his blue eyes burning with wild, awfully fire, his grand face ghastly, his strong frame trembling like a woman's.

"Tell me! In God's name, explain, quickly!"

His voice was broken, hoarse, as he reeled against the wall for support.

"I have not as yet heard of cases of suspended animation, sir—cases where bodies have been buried while in that state! You have heard of people being rescued, of coming back to life again!"

He stood listening in a perfect agony of horrible suspense, and yet, hardly able to grasp what he meant.

"Rescued! My little Jocelyne rescued from her coffin!"

He said it in a quick, hollow whisper.

"Rescued, sir, from the coffin where she was placed through the merciless hands of her rival, I mean, her husband, Mr. Ithamar."

"I will do it, if I die for it! I told her I would not tell her she was alive—she will not—but he shall know!"

Mr. Ithamar's voice bade her enter, and she went forward, pale, resolute, but strengthened by a grand resolve.

He spoke kindly to her, with his never-failing courtesy.

"Well, Pauline, you wanted to see me? Will you sit down?"

"Mr. Ithamar, I wish to see you on important, very important business. Sir, would you please shut and lock the door?"

He looked gravely at her pallid face and scared eyes, then walked over to the door and closed and locked it. Then he came back to where Pauline sat, with a small parcel in her hand.

"Now, Pauline, I will listen to whatever you may have to say."

His grave, tranquil tones, so at variance with the subject she had to announce, made it seem a matter of wonder to herself that it was so.

"Mr. Ithamar, first I will ask you to forgive me for daring to take such a liberty as I take in coming to you at all. But I did not know what to do, or where to go, so I was frightened and worried because of this sir."

She unrolled the paper and laid the stiletto on the table—the stiletto that had taken Ernest St. Felix's life in the hands of Ernest St. Felix's wife.

Mr. Ithamar looked at it with quiet, unsuspicious eyes.

"Well, Pauline? What is there in this to demand my attention?"

Her voice was eager, low in answer.

"Oh, sir, don't you remember one could find the instrument with which the man found in the Park was stabbed?"

Mr. Ithamar's face instantly assumed an expression of intense interest.

"I was not at the moment thinking of the murdered man. Where did you find this? You did perfectly right to bring it to me. So far as I can remember the wound was about the size and shape of this dagger. It doubtless will furnish a clue."

He was examining it with keen interest, not looking at the piteous fear on the girl's face, never supposing but what she had found it somewhere in the grounds.

She did not immediately answer, and her silence attracted his attention. He looked up, standing by her face, her eyes, her agitation.

"What is it you still have to say, Pauline?"

"Oh, sir, I found it in the closet in Miss Iva's room!"

He echoed the words mechanically.

"In Miss Iva's room!"

"Hidden in a pile of clothing where it must have been put when it was wet, for there are rust marks where it touched." Mr. Ithamar—what should he do then?

"I was just now, down-stairs, in the drawing-room, when I heard a noise, and I ran up to see what it was."

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are some of the character-cast to a most singular and absorbingly-interesting story, wherein women intrigue for love and men intrigue for lucre. Three trains of incident and three lines of actors, at first unrelated, become involved and lead to one denouement. The conflict of woman's

LOVES, HATES, PITIY AND AMBITION, and the art, maneuver and plotting of unscrupulous men schemers give the talented author fine vantage ground for his brilliant portraiture of men and women whom thousands of readers will recognize at once as noted characters in Metropolitan Stage, Society and Law-court circles. The story, therefore, is a "Mirror held up to Nature" which is quite likely to create a sensation.

Sunshine Papers.

Musketeos.

A SMALL subject, but—oh my! If you think they are not of enough account to fill a Sunshine Paper, how dreadfully unacquainted with them you must be! Why, do you know their merits? their accomplishments? their characteristics? their habits? their virtues? If not, you are not prepared to speak of them with disdain, nor to banish them from literary fame. Too long have these tiny creatures been ignored in both poetry and prose. It is quite time that some one should give them a place in print.

With the antecedents of the musketeo, I will not weary you. By whose will the musketeo first became a resident of this mundane sphere, is a subject concerning which I have my own theological belief, but the discussion of which I do not care to enter into, at present. The merits of the musketeo are numerous. They send you in from the croquet-ground, when your excitement in the game causes you to forget that "early dews are falling" and your dress and boots are excessively thin. They afford excellent excuses to young ladies for leaving that pretty nook in the rocks, or that mossy seat on a fallen tree, and joining the other picnickers just as the *tete-a-tetes* in which they have been indulging with their attendant swains become a trifle too personal. They will not allow you to remain comfortably upon the piazza after the sun sets and malaria is in the air. They are always conveniently ready to bear the blame of naughty little imprecations that are made when some one steps on your slippers, feet, or tears your muslin. They keep you awake at night, and so make you good-tempered in the morning. They are fond of the children.

And then, their accomplishments! Musketeos are light and graceful dancers; and tire less ones as well. Moreover, they are excellent inculcators of the cardinal virtues; they help one to be persevering, patient, gentle, amiable, abhorrent of profanity. They have, also, a peculiarly accomplished way of beautifying the faces, hands and limbs of their friends. The baby wakes up with its face so charmingly tattooed; you look in your mirror and admire the deep color and improved size of your ears, the fashion in which one eye is closed, and the little lumps on your nasal organ.

Besides these varied and admirable accomplishments, musketeos are exquisite musicians. Who, that loves music, would willingly have these dear little songsters banished from his bedroom? How low, how sweet, how patiently, how distinctly, they sing their little souls around the pillows of those they love!

The chief characteristic of these charming insects, are their extreme smallness, excessive fragility, remarkable power, wonderful vigilance, unparalleled wakefulness, and the intense democracy of their principles. Though so tiny and so delicate of stature, musketeos have great power over the acts, minds, manners and morals of individuals, and can often produce in the hearts of the strongest men and women great emotion. They never sleep, but with beautiful devotion and untiring vigilance follow the goings and comings, and guard the slumbers, of mortals. Nor do they put on aristocratic airs. They fully believe in a true democracy, and they visit alike the homes of the high and the haunts of the lowly.

In their habits, musketeos are very sociable. They enjoy plenty of human society, and they are playful. Did you ever try to grab a musketeo in your hand but he flew in your very eyes, laughing at your failure? Did you ever hear several hundreds of them about your bed, and get up and light a lamp, and find anyone—ever—one there? The playful little creatures are under the bedsheet, dancing about the top of the ceiling, peeping at you from beneath the bureau—anywhere but where you can see them. But when you turn down the light, and creep back to your couch, they all come trooping, singing, laughing back, full of good nature and frolic at having gotten the best of you. You ought to enjoy the fun, too. Perhaps you do.

The musketeo is the embodiment of several rare virtues. He is forgiving, friendly, and so happy of disposition that he always goes about singing. He is persevering. If he does not soothe you the first time, he does not tire of trying and trying again. He is enterprising. Screens, nets, powder, smoke, pennyroyal will not keep him from roving where he wills. He is patient. He will spend hours, yes, the whole night, endeavoring, with his little song, to hush one restless individual to sleep.

Oh! musketeo, thou thing of many virtues, of many accomplishments, of many merits! I have sought to represent thee as thou art; to make men see how worthy a subject, in thee, I have found for my pen; to raise thee to that place on the ladder of fame that thy qualities should earn for thee; but I know full well the baseness of human nature, and because thou hast one little fault, for thy caravanserous, men and housemaids will still go on sending thee to a hasty end, through the medium of a broom with a wet towel over it!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

WOULD THEY?

I HAVE heard many people give utterance to the expression, "If I could but live my life over again, how different would I act;" and I wondered, if they could have their wish, if they would act differently. I don't dispute the fact that they think they would, but my idea is that they wouldn't be much difference.

If the spendthrift could live his life over, would he be more saving and put by the "needful" for a rainy day? Would he patronize the savings bank and believe that a comfortable abode in one place was preferable to roving about here and there, and that the loved ones at home are better than bar-room companions?

Would these vile calumniators who spread their scandal and slander broadcast make a better use of their time, tongue and pen, or would they still worry people into their graves before their time?

Would those who have gone astray and wandered into paths forbidden, pursue a more upright and noble life, and live for the elevation and not degradation of humanity? Would they count the cost before they decided to enter into a compact with Satan and barter away their souls for mere dross?

Would we speak more kindly to those who are around us, act less harshly toward our neighbor, and treat those with whom we come in contact as though we wanted to have them around us, and not desire to kick them out of the way and have done with them forever?

Would we be kinder to those who are nearing the last milestone of life, more patient with the fractious invalid whose pleasures are few and pains many?

Would John scold so much because the baby is cross and awake all night, depriving him of rest? When he sees that little form carried to Greenwood cemetery, and knows that, never on earth, will he again see its features, will he not wish he had complained less and done more? Would not the cry of that babe, fretful as he thought it, be the sweetest music to his ears? Treasures are never valued so much as when lost.

Would fathers who have dissipated sons, be so strict as not to allow their children any pleasure at home, and cause them to seek it elsewhere, in disreputable company? Would others be too indulgent and let their offspring grow up like weeds? Would dissipated sons wander after strange and questionable pleasures if homes were more attractive? Would daughters spend half their time in frivolous amusement, if there was such a blessed thing to them as "home, sweet home"? Would sewing societies do more and talk less—find out the good in one's character and imitate it, instead of prying out the bad qualities of one's neighbor and commenting too harshly upon them?

Would we be so apt to berate certain professions and callings, and then ask them to help us out of our troubles with the very money we think they have earned in a manner of which we do not approve? Would we see that one can be as much respected in one profession as another, provided they earned their money honorably and behaved respectably?

Would politicians fight as much for the public good as they do now for a good fat office?

Would they be more conscientious and truth-telling? Would people be as willing to live for you as they now are to die for you—at least, as they pretend to be? Would they be as willing to cheer and comfort, and not refuse a slight favor, as they profess to be willing to give "go through fire and water" to serve you?

These are wonderings which intrude themselves in many persons' thoughts at various times. If we could but live our lives over again! But, as we cannot, why not devote the remainder of our present life to carrying out the ideas as far as possible, which we think we would act upon? We cannot call the dead to life; we cannot undo the wrong done them; we cannot recall the mischief we have worked; but we can still live for something noble and true. Heaven knows there is enough for us all to do, and Heaven also knows how sadly we neglect the work assigned us.

Too late now, you think? It is never too late to turn over the new leaf!

EVE LAWLESS.

THE world is good in its place. If kept without the heart, like the water outside of the ship, it may aid to bear us to the haven of eternal rest. But as the water, if allowed to come within the ship, soon fills and sinks it, so the world, if it gets into the heart, will be its ruin. To possess the world may not be injurious—to be possessed by it is destructive alike to character, to happiness and to the soul.

THERE is a sort of natural instinct or human dignity in the heart of man which steels his very nerves not to bend beneath the blow of an adversity. The palm tree grows best beneath a ponderous weight; even so the character of a man. There is no merit in it, a law of psychology. The petty pangs of small daily cares have often bent the characters of men, but great misfortunes seldom. There is less danger in this than in great good luck.

Foolscap Papers.

Serving Turkey.

The celebrity which I gained in our late misunderstanding, in leading my men out of danger, caused the Sultan to send me an invitation (scented, with stamp inclosed) to come over and enter his service.

[I might add here that my extreme care of my men in avoiding personal peril has had a wonderful effect in raising volunteers. They all follow me—and would if I wasn't there.]

I was made colonel of a regiment stationed on the Danube, with orders to allow no Russians to cross over, unless they had paid for their passage in advance and had tickets. I had unitied several fresh vessels of torpedoes to blow up their gunboats in case they came over without tickets.

The Danube lay between us, and I believe the troops on either side were glad of it. Neither side wanted to cross over it by tunneling under it. I was afraid lest some Russian idiotic general would dig a canal around to the rear of them, and turn Danube into it, thus leaving themselves on our side; but they did not think of that.

The most remarkable part of the war was performed by myself and a squad of men. A Russian iron-clad lay opposite us. One dark night we rowed over in a skiff, unlighted the anchor, and towed the monitor over to our side. The garrison was below asleep, and the question was, what would we do with them? If they woke up we were gone. We began to nail the port-holes up to shut them in when they woke out of their slumbers. And we went. Such winking you never saw; but it was policy. They went back.

I set to work constructing an iron-clad on my own design. It was a powerful affair; the plates were of enormous thickness, and could not be penetrated by any rifled projectile. It was perfectly safe, and on that principle I worked. It cost the Turkish government two million dollars. It was a grand thing, never equalled. When ready to launch, the government inspectors came to see it. The first thing they asked was, where are the port-holes? Port-holes! I didn't intend to have any, from the fact that so much damage and loss of life is caused by port-holes; the enemy's balls come right into them, and play smash, and it is much safer without them, and with that monitor I could go right past a fort or a fleet.

"But," said they, "how in thunder are you going to shoot out of the blamed thing?" It hadn't occurred to me. I had been so interested in regard to the balls coming in, that I had entirely forgotten about the balls going out. Port-holes were ordered in and I went out.

We occasionally exchanged shots with a Russian fortress opposite (for whose name I beg to refer you to the latest war maps, as I have not time to write it), commanded by a general whose name I could only spell with a hodge-podge of letters, and double sommersaults, a chug in the back, and a look at the sun. In one day we shot a thousand—balls, and killed great quantities of time.

My cavalry corps was in excellent condition, and the fact that the Russians could not cross the river, did not make them less brave; and I frequently received the thanks of His Sultanic Majesty for the splendid organization of my troops. I organized them with hand-organs.

We captured a boat with Russian supplies. They live on light diet—that is to say, on tall-wax candles, and of course they were left in the dark for food, a thing they could not make light of. The candles were old and somewhat moldy, but that does not make any difference.

I was ordered to Kars, though we did not go there in cars, and in the first gallant charge, I lost two thousand men—they were captured. In the court-martial which ensued, I explained that it was policy to allow the Russians to capture our troops in large bodies, until they would eventually eat them out of house and home, and become numerous enough to take all Russia. They thought I was following out the plan well enough, but thought the plan would depopulate the army.

I then perfected an army musket, and manufactured them in great quantities. They were on the principle of the old muskets of my boyhood's days, or more so—regular kickers. When the troops, armed with these, got into battle, all they had to do was to aim the club ends of them at the enemy, and the muskets went a whooping in their midst, causing much surprise and slaughter. The balls staid. You see by this, although there was some expense connected with the muskets, there was a great saving in the balls. The muskets were charged to go, and they went. I never got all the credit I deserved for this efficient invention.

I also invented a plan for disabling Russian batteries and rendering them useless in an engagement. It was to bore a large hole in each cannon, directly under the touch-hole, through which the force of the powder would expend, and no damage could then be done, and the capture of the gunners would be an easy matter. I worked a good while to discover this plan, which was a good one, they said, but how was I to get a chance to put the holes in? They said, "It is a great secret."

I led my troops out of a terrific battle one day in such fine style, that hardly a man was lost. Speed in all things is the example I always set before my men. I advocate celerity of movement.

One thing I have not been fully credited for, and that is I prevented more bloodshed when I was in command in Turkey than any other officer. They rather thought I prevented too much of it.

In a hard contest, when I saw the day was lost to me, my pulse stopped completely, but I had the satisfaction of being repulsed.

I had command of Kalafat, which the Russians desperately besieged, evidently under the impression that the name was a misprint for Constantinople.

But I had taken a couple of pigs to raise to home, and the Sultan said he would relieve me of the rigors of war and pay my way home to tend to them. I sailed slowly home, but I left a name there which will long be remembered.

Too late now, you think? It is never too late to turn over the new leaf!

EW LAWLESS.

Topics of the Time.

—Large beds of coal have been discovered along the Yellowstone River. Hundreds of tons are in sight, like ore on the dump.

—Albion is 33; Ole Bull, 47; Von Bulow, 47; Jules Benedict, 72; Jenny Lind, 56; Gounod, 50; Pauline Lucca, 37; Nilsson, 34; Offenbach, 59; Sims Reeves, 56; Titius, 43; Wagner, 64; Wieniawski, 42, and Vieutemps, 57.

—It is said that a large number of Western men, principally from Wisconsin, will seek homes in Florida this fall. The sale of public lands will attract numerous settlers, and the immigration business will be brisk.

—Macon, Ga., has an ice factory that manufactures 10,000 pounds of ice daily at a cost to consumers of one cent per pound. This is about the rate paid in Savannah, where there are two ice companies who get their supplies from the natural manufacturer.

—Texas has fifty wheat-producing counties, one-fifth of which are fully cultivated, would produce 86,000 bushels of grain. It has also 69,120 cotton-growing acres, which, if taxed to the extent of their productiveness, would yield 6,962,000 bales of cotton.

—The war in the East has doubled the price of canary bird seeds. Asiatic Turkey supplies large quantities of this bird provider, but since that territory has become the theater of the war the supply has been cut off. The import of the seeds amounts to about 400 tons per annum. The little warblers will have to change their diet until the Eastern question is settled.

—The County Killarney, Ireland, has produced seven batches of which all of whom are over six feet high and all massively proportioned, without being corpulent. All of them have become zealous Roman Catholic priests, and are serving in various missions in both hemispheres. The tallest, David, is six feet four inches, and the least tall of them is six feet two inches.

—There are 21 colleges in the New England States. Maine has 4, with 455 students; New Hampshire 1, with 347; Vermont 3, with 172; Massachusetts 9, with 1,918; Rhode Island 1, with 250, and Connecticut 3, with 1,037, making a sum total of 4,179. Of all these colleges Harvard has the largest number (1,370) of students. There are 20 women students at Harvard in the summer schools of chemistry and botany, and 12 at Yale in the school of fine arts.

—The Angora goats from Asia have been introduced into Texas very largely within the last few years. One man now has about 1,000 crossed with the Mexican goat. The hair or wool is long, and will sell from seven to ten cents a dollar a yard. The hair or hide makes the best leather and kid glove; the suit is the best in the world; and the meat of the young is tender and toothsome. On the whole, the goat business in Texas and Mexico promises to be a great feature of their future.

—The birthday of the Prophet is celebrated at Cairo this year with the traditional ceremony of mounting incense over the bodies of the faithful. The incense comes from the lowest class—camel and donkey drivers, grooms, etc., and numbered some three hundred, over whose prostrate forms the imam rode for a quarter of an hour. There were the usual casualties, broken arms and ribs and fractured skulls, while some fifteen of the fanatics have already died, or are likely to do

LOVE'S DREAM OF LOVE.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

There is no tree that wears God's grace
But somewhere hath its kin and kind,
Nor flower along familiar ways
But hath some far-off flower to bind.

There is no shell on the sea's side
But has its other in the sea—
The water and the world are wide
And no one knows all things that be.

The saddest music ever poured
Some hearing heart-strings caught and strung,
The humblest song that ever soared
Hath somewhere found an answering tongue.

Lives lean to lives and feel and know;
Hearts lean to hearts though out of speech,
Like and like the world is ministered
That never seem vainly reach.

Sweet the relief, and half-drown'd,
To think whatever things there be,
That, somewhere, some eye burns for thine,
That, somewhere, some heart beats for thee.

That heart which claims thee as its kind
The dying-day may only show;
But thou shalt fold it then, and find—
Shalt look into those eyes and see.

Louie's Story.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I CAN'T see whatever we will do with her. She's a delicate, sickly little thing, and hasn't either the strength or desire to earn her living as the rest of us do—eh, Louie?"

Motherly old Mrs. Simmonds smiled half-reprovingly, half-indulgently down in the pale wristful face of the girl who sat so quietly beside her, listening to the conversation going on between Mrs. Simmonds and her guest—farmer Alwyn's wife, who had run over with her knitting for an afternoon's visit and to "stay to tea."

They were the very ideals of comfortable, contented, well-to-do farmers' wives; they were portly, and rosy, and bright-eyed—such a contrast, physically, to the slim, hollow-eyed girl who spoke never a word unless specially addressed.

Her name was Louie Harland, and she had been a member of the thrifty Simmonds family for years and years—ever since a bitter cold December day, thirteen years ago, when, a forlorn, half-clothed baby of three years, she had come to the kitchen door, crying, shivering and in barely intelligible words told them she had lost "pappy" and was so cold and hungry. Mrs. Simmonds' big, warm heart had been stirred to its very depths by the sight of the forlorn little wail, and in mingled indignation against the cruel wretch who would permit such a baby to become so ragged and suffering and neglected, and great, tender pity, took the little one, in resolving to keep it in warmth and plenty until "pappy" should search for it—and it had now been fourteen years and Louie Harland had come to be almost regarded as a genuine Simmonds by father and mother and the half-dozen rosy, plump children who loved Louie so dearly.

For she was lovable, and although, as Mrs. Simmonds tenderly declared, the child was fit for nothing—not even competent to earn her salt, yet she was a favorite with all for her sweet, gentle ways and her patience and willingness to do what little she could.

Only Louie could not work. It seemed to her that of all terrible things the routine of housework was the most terrible, and yet she never hesitated an instant to obediently perform whatever lay within her power, however distasteful the task was.

But—there was one thing Louie loved to do, one thing that made the Simmonds girls and boys sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry, and sometimes feel awestruck; that made farmer Simmonds often lay down his pipe in rapt, amazed interest, that made dear Mrs. Simmonds wipe her eyes and sob audibly—and that was when Louie would read aloud of winter evenings, or recite some exquisite poem she had memorized, or render some side-splitting anecdote from some humorist.

Then, Louie would seem to lose her identity. She would flush with excitement, and her fresh, sweetly-toned young voice would fairly vibrate with the intensity of the enthusiasm; her fragile form would seem to dilate with intensest interest; her dark, intelligent eyes would shine with inspiration, or melt with pathos or glow with humor, and from farmer Simmonds down to little Nell, they all considered Louie's reading a genuine treat.

Only that they never dreamed of appreciating it as they ought—none of them except Will Dayton, Mrs. Simmonds' younger brother, who would hang on Louie's enraptured words with interest scarcely less intense than her own. Only Will, in all his grand strength of healthy manhood, understood and appreciated her sensitive, delicate nature that was attuned to such higher keys than the simple melody to which their lives were contentedly set.

Only he knew that it was like an eagle conorting with doves, when Louie, with her fine intelligence, her longing nature, her uncultured talents, her great capabilities, was trying to keep herself down on a level with their equally good but less exalted natures.

He came gradually to care very much for her; until, one day when she went to him with all her heart in her big black eyes, and told him, breathlessly, that Mrs. LeCount, the great lady who was summering at the hotel, had heard her reciting one day when she was driving by, and had instantly come in, and had a long, long talk with her, and the result was she was to go back to New York with her—when Will Dayton heard that, he knew, for sure, that he cared very, very much for Louie—that she had completely filled his heart, and that without her life would lose very many, if not all, its charms.

And right then and there he told her how he loved her, how he should miss her, and begged her to be true in heart to him when she should be away among people who would not be more congenial to her than her old associates.

And Louie had confessed her love and promised to be true to him; and not long after that she went away from the quiet countryside with Mrs. LeCount, and although letters frequently came saying she was well and happy and had found occupation that was easy and delightful to her, still the old farm-house, safe and sound, to do without seeing her thin, intelligent, sorrow face that was so fair and lovely.

The late summer days went on and winter followed, and another summer came, and in all those weary days Louie never came home, and good old Mrs. Simmonds used to complain and fret that Louie had forgotten them, that Louie had found other friends to take their places; while only Will Dayton would not have it that the one woman he loved was not true to her pure instincts of gratitude and principle.

But, even Will, so loyal and loving and true, began to doubt at last when into Louie's letters, dated here and there and everywhere—from Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Chicago

—when into her letters there began to appear very often Claud Hamilton's name—never in a way that would have aroused any jealousy, yet in a way that aroused his wonder, his suspicion that perhaps, *perhaps* Louie had discovered she loved this fancy-named fellow better than himself.

Those were dark days for poor Will, lightened only by Louie's letters which were themselves not the lighthearted messages they seemed to Will they should have been. At least, although they were cheerful and hopeful and kindly affectionate, still the recurrence of Claud Hamilton's name spoiled all else for Will.

With that feeling of suspicion against this Mr. Hamilton, this feeling that was so near akin to jealousy of Louie, there came to Will another new source of trouble, and was a dawning, restless discontent that he did not understand the nature of Louie's business abroad. She had kept it secret from them all at the farm, merrily promising to let them know when her future prospects of fame and success were assured beyond the shadow of a doubt. On that brave, loving promise Will had heretofore quietly rested, until—gradually the demon of jealousy crept in among his true love for Louie; until, his heart torn by the never-failing mention, in some way or other, of Mr. Claud Hamilton's name, Will could no longer endure it, and thus, upon receipt of a letter from Louie saying that her next would be from New York, where she would remain a fortnight, Will made up his mind to be in New York for that same fortnight and devote all his tireless energies to finding the girl he loved and who so persistently kept herself from him.

And so, one delicious starry night in early autumn, when there was just enough crispness in the sweet fresh air to make it pleasant indoors when one tired of being out, it happened—not, "happened," for there is no such condition of human affairs as that which some people call "accidental"—but it was decreed by Destiny, or Fate, or what you will, that Will Dayton was led to Steinway Hall, where huge placards announced the appearance of some popular dramatic reader, whose name he did not see for the crowds that were passing in with him; and he took his seat with a strangely homesick lonesome feeling coming over him as he realized with a new keen appreciation the magnitude of the undertaking that had brought him to the city with its thousands and tens of thousands of people who had never as much as heard of Louie Harland's name.

Or—Claud Hamilton's either, he thought, with a thrill of pure, jealous rage. Claud Hamilton for whom, he so horribly feared, Louie was gradually playing him false, even—

And just then the enthusiastic applause of the vast crowd made him look up to see whom they were welcoming with such warm, glad greeting—made him look up to see a slight, graceful, girlish figure standing in the center of the stage; a stylishly-dressed, elegant-looking lady in trailing black silk, heavy and lustrous, with frills of exquisite lace falling over her white-kidded hands and bracelet arms, with a ruff of the same filmy snowiness circling her slender rounded throat, where a massive gold pin caught it in rich plainness of elegance.

A girl with a rarely intelligent face, and dark, intense eyes; with a pure, pale complexion to which all the storm of applause brought no flush of gratified vanity, with a grave expressive mouth that made Will Dayton almost unable to resist the temptation he felt to rush to her and ask her if Claud Hamilton had defiled it with his lover's kiss.

For it was Louie Harland—Louie who had arisen like a star in her beautiful profession of dramatic rendering; who, people said, was equal to Charlotte Cushman—Louie, who had crowded houses when she appeared, and who was coining a fortune as fast as a pair of worker's hands had ever done.

Then she commenced—one of the very balls she had many a time rendered for them at the old farm-house, when Mrs. Simmonds would wipe her eyes, and old Farmer Simmonds forgot to draw on his pipe until it went out.

And Will listened, and the vast audience listened, spellbound, to the sweet, pathetic voice, round and full, as clear as a silver bell. Then followed uporous encore; then other recitations and other applause, and then—it was over, and Will saw her retire off the stage, and it seemed to him that he had suddenly gone into a dark place.

Dr. Tremaine followed on horseback. He reached the jail at the same moment with the others, and was ready to assist in removing Dick to a cell.

Mrs. Heathcliff had returned to Fairlawn, she did not choose to be mixed up in the affair any more than was necessary.

Dick's wound had been healing rapidly during the few days he had remained under Dr. Tremaine's roof. But he was still very weak, and at his earnest request the preliminary examination was to be postponed until the following day.

Rachel and Dr. Tremaine went with him to his gloomy cell, and there the three were left alone together.

"I wish I could remain with you, Dick," sobbed Rachel, very white now, and trembling violently. "I wish I need not leave you alone in this dreadful place!"

"Poor Rachel!" said Dick.

She flung her arms about his neck.

"I won't leave you!" she cried. "They will not be so cruel as to tear me away! I will not leave you!"

Dr. Tremaine had been standing slightly apart from them. But he now came forward with a strange expression upon his pallid face.

"Do you wish to remain so very much?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, yes."

He hesitated, gasped once or twice, and then said:

"There is one way in which your wish can be gratified."

"One way?"

"Yes. You know it would not be right or proper for you to remain as you are."

"And the way of which you speak?"

Forcing the words from his white, quivering lips, he made answer:

"You must marry him!"

Rachel stared wildly at these words, and from Dick's lips fell a low, faint laugh.

"I see I have startled you both," Dr. Tremaine went on. "Remember, I do not advise any such step. Indeed I should greatly regret it. But it is the only way in which you two can be together."

Dick held out his hand, now choking back something that sounded like a sob.

"You're a noble fellow, Dr. Tremaine," he said.

"I can guess what such words must have cost you. But you can spare yourself further pain. I have no wish to marry Rachel, and could not, if I would, for the simple reason that *she is my own sister!*"

Dr. Tremaine started as if he had been struck. He could only stare wonderingly at the speaker.

"Your sister!" he gasped.

"Yes, my twin sister."

He staggered, and sat down on one of the rude stools with which the place was provided. Great drops came out upon his forehead. He was shaking all over. He could scarcely believe the strange news he had heard.

But gradually his face changed. An expression of wild joy broke all over it. A dozen little circumstances seemed to convince him all at once that Dick had spoken the truth.

"Oh, I am glad, so glad!" he cried.

He looked up. His eye caught Rachel's for a moment. He saw her start, and a sudden flood of crimson rush over her face.

"My darling!" he whispered, holding out his arms, all unmindful of Dick's presence. "My precious one! I believe you do love me, after all."

Rachel tottered forward, and fell upon his breast, sobbing wildly. And yet a strange peace and happiness had dawned suddenly upon her heart.

For a little while not another word was spoken. The lovers seemed to understand so well all that the other would have said, there was little need of speech.

The van had been rent away from their lives, as if by a miracle, and at last they stood face to face and soul to soul, all things open as the day.

Then she turned to Will again.

"So you have been jealous of Mr. Hamilton, Will? Wait a moment, for I want to tell you something. Mr. Hamilton is one of the dearest friends I ever had. He has been good to me, Will—oh, so good! Always he will come first in the list of my friends; always—"

She was interrupted by some one rapping on the door, then entering unsummoned. A little flash of mischievous excitement, accompanied by that same look of reproof, was in her eyes as a little old gentleman, with a pleasant, playful face came in—with goggles on his eyes, and a head bald and shiny, a little old gentleman, as ugly as well could be imagined, but such a courteous, high-bred gentleman for all that it was manifest at a glance.

Dick drew apart into one of the remote corners, and sat down with his face covered. He understood perfectly what transports were in those long-sundered hearts. He had guessed Rachel's secret long before.

"They will be happy," he thought, with a weary sigh. "Thank God for that! No matter what new bitterness life may have in store for me, they will be happy."

He tried to rejoice, but I fear some dreary pictures of his own desolate, loveless future did fit across his mental vision.

At last he heard Dr. Tremaine say softly:

"Rachel, all things are growing so plain to me! And yet you have not uttered a word of explanation. I believe you have loved me all the while."

"All the while," she answered, in a low, cooing voice.

"And you have worn this mask to hide from me the sacrifice you were making?"

She did not answer, but looked into his face with such an earnest, pleading expression that he covered her lips with remorseless kisses.

"Why did you not trust me, Rachel? You might have done that. You must have known I would not see you suffer."

"How could it?" she faltered.

"For the very reason that you loved me so! Ab, foolish child! No one could have judged you innocent heart."

Rachel smiled through her tears, but made answer:

"The secret was Dick's more than mine. I had no right to betray it."

Dr. Tremaine gave a slight start.

"Secret?" he echoed.

"Yes," said Dick, now rising and coming forward. "This dear girl deserves to wear the crown of a martyr. No canonized saint ever was more faithful or self-sacrificing."

He took Rachel's hand, kissing it fondly.

"The secret concerns only myself," he went on. "But Rachel should have given up her own life to keep it. Can you not guess now why she consented to marry a man she both hated and despised? Can you not guess why she consented to marry him you have known as Edward Dent?"

"Yes, yes," said Dr. Tremaine, eagerly.

"That wretched knew everything. He was in his power. He could have given me into the clutches of the law at any moment. He would have done so but for Rachel. She stepped between us, and gave herself up in my stead."

CHAPTER XXV.

Faithful Love's Reward.

DICK'S STORY.

THERE was a brief silence in the room. instinctively, Dr. Tremaine drew Rachel's quivering figure still more closely to him, as if he would fain shield her from all further sorrow. And so he would have shielded her, with his own heart's blood, if necessary.

"Tell me your story, Dick," he said.

"I only regret you did not tell it sooner."

"So do I," answered the young man. "But how could I be sure it was best? I have known you such a little while! To be sure you have been very kind. You have kept me hidden away from my enemies, dressed my wounds, and watched over me as carefully as a brother would have done. But, when a man carries with him such a secret as mine, he is very loth to part with it."

He laughed as he spoke, a low, bitter laugh, scarcely pleasant to hear.

"I would have been faithful to the trust," said Dr. Tremaine. "For Rachel's sake, if not for yours."

"I believe you."

"Perhaps I can do something to help you, even yet. Tell me everything."

"Listen. It is time I had made a full confession. God help and pity me!"

He was biting his face with his trembling hands, and did not see the quick shudder that ran over each of his auditors.

"Are you strong enough to tell the story?" interrupted Dr. Tremaine, eagerly.

"You must not excite yourself too much. You have passed through a good deal already."

"I can pass

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONFESSION.

THE next morning Dr. Tremaine began the search for Jane Bell.

It was poor Dick's only chance for life and liberty—the finding of this wretched, forlorn creature. It seemed very hard, but that the innocent must suffer for the guilty.

It was a wild, wet morning, the rain beating against the casements, the wind howling fearfully among the great trees surrounding the house.

Dr. Tremaine cared little for the inclemency of the weather. With a great cloak buttoned securely about him, he sallied forth, taking a short cut to the glade where the murder had been committed.

He had somewhere read or heard of the singular mania which induces some murderers to haunt the scene of their crime, and had set out with this forlorn hope in his mind.

His brain was busy. He thought over the story Dick had told him the day before, from beginning to end. Strange suspicions came to him as he did so. Was Mrs. Heathcliff mixed up in this affair? If so, to what extent? Was it she who had induced Lasalle to play such a treacherous part to Dick?

He would have given much for the power to solve this mystery. But it was impenetrable. He scarcely knew why he had dreamed of connecting Mrs. Heathcliff with it in any manner, except her eagerness for Dick's arrest, for he could no longer doubt but that she had really been at the window that night when Rachel thought she saw her.

Though his brain was burdened with all this mystery, he walked firmly on, through marsh and mud and mire, the wind wailing in his ears, and the rain splashing all about him on the leaves and grasses.

He reached the glade. A poor, forlorn creature sat crouching underneath the tree in the middle. He caught a glimpse of a dirty, mud-spattered gown, and straggling gray locks falling over a pair of crooked shoulders; then went softly up and stood beside the pitiful figure.

"My poor woman," he said, gently.

At the sound of his voice she started up wildly, and sought to fly. But her limbs refused to support her. She tottered, and fell back moaning into his outstretched arms.

"I know you," she cried, shrilly. "Blood, blood, blood!" It has found voice at last, as I knew it would. It rises up from the ground and screams for vengeance. You have heard it, and are come to take me away with you."

She was drenched to the skin; her face ashy pale; her eyes wild and bloodshot. They turned upon Dr. Tremaine with a truly malignant glare.

"Poor creature," he said, "do not look at me like that. I have no wish to harm you."

"What?" she cried. "You didn't come to hang me! I know better. Isn't it written, 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth'?" And doesn't it mean, too, a life for a life?"

She laughed at her own cunning, a low, harsh, terrible laugh.

"Yes," he answered. "But it is also written, 'love your enemies'."

A sudden change swept over her face. She dropped it into her hands, and began rocking her body violently to and fro, for she had released herself from Dr. Tremaine's arms, and was sitting on the damp ground again.

"I told him I would do it," she murmured, as if talking to herself. "I loved him, but I told him I would do it. I should have died myself if another had taken my place and borne the name that was rightfully mine. And so I killed him. Yes, I killed him!" she cried, in loud, startling tones, lifting her ashy face once more. "He stood yonder, where those daisies are trampled down, and I shot him dead at my feet! I killed him—I killed him! God forgive me—I killed him!"

She flung up her arms wildly, shrieking out the last words in a perfect frenzy.

"Hush," said Dr. Tremaine, soothingly. "You must not excite yourself."

"I killed him," she repeated, over and over again. "It was the only way to make him mine in this world and the next."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 378.)

A FEATHER.

Drop me a feather out of the blue,
Bird flying up to the sun;
Higher and higher the skyark flew,
But dropped he never a one.

Only a feather I ask of thee,
Fresh from the purer air;

Upward the lark flew bold and free
To heaven, and vanished there.

Only the sound of a rapturous song
Throbbed in the tremulous light;

Only a voice could stir the long
A long, unconscious light.

"Drop me a feather!" but while I cry,
Lo! like a vision fair.

The bird from the heart of the glowing sky
Sinks through the joyous air.

Downward sinking and singing alone,
But the song which was glad above

Takes over a deeper and dearer tone,
For it trembles with earthly love.

And the feather I asked from the boundless
heaven

Were a gift of little worth;

For, oh! what a boon by the lark is given
When he brings all heaven to earth!

—

Detective Dick;

OR,

THE HERO IN RAGS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "WILLFUL WILL," "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

We have seen the parlor of Mr. Andrews' residence, on the occasion of Mr. Williamson's somewhat curt dismissal. We will now take ourselves to the sitting-room of the same mansion.

It is an elegantly appointed apartment, furnished in the richest taste. Several valuable pictures adorn the walls, and about the room are scattered costly articles of ornament. It has altogether that home-like aspect of a room whose adornment has grown out of the needs and tastes of its inmates.

A deep bay window occupies the lower end of the room. Here, seated in an easy-chair, her feet resting on a tall footstool, reclines a matronly lady. She has once been very pretty, and still wears much of her good looks, though age has broadened the lines of her face, and added a decided look of worldly wisdom.

Opposite her sits, in a small chair, her arm resting on the sill of the open window, a young lady, whose beautiful face seems a spiritual copy of that of the matron. They are really mother and daughter—Mrs. Andrews and her daughter Helen.

Mrs. Andrews plays leisurely with her fan, for the day is warm for mid-April, and the sun bathes the face of the window in fervent light.

"Then you did as I wished?" remarked the mother. "You simply dismissed him, without entering into reasons or argument?"

"Yes, mother," with a weary expression; "And I was never so thoroughly disgusted with myself in my life before."

"Why so? The dismissal of a music-teacher is not such a vital matter."

"I don't know," returned Helen, with a quick movement of impatience. "I misnamed it, I suppose. I know I must have made it look as if I had some personal objection to him. He seemed much hurt."

"Oh, that matters very little," replied Mrs. Andrews. "That will easily mend; he can heal his wounds with a new scholar."

"I am afraid a host of new scholars will not have that effect," and Helen rested her head wearily on the window-sill.

The sunlight struck her soft brown hair, and played about it like an aureole of brightness. The mother dropped her fan to look admiringly at her.

"Do you know, Helen, that you are growing more and more beautiful?" she said, with the air of an artist. "I wish that sunlight effect could only be made perpetual."

Helen drew herself back with a vexed movement. The loosened hair flowed in a wave over her forehead, with a gleam as if it had imprisoned some of the sunlight.

"There will be no need of that," Helen retorted, quietly.

"And why not? I think he will hardly get bail on such a charge."

"There are strong circumstances in his favor, mother. I am satisfied that the judge will accept bail for him."

"It must be some heavy amount, then."

"And who is his wealthy friend, who will risk much on his honesty?"

"The friend is found. I have directed Mr. Widdin to see that he obtains bail, on the security of my private inheritance."

"Why, child, are you mad?" cried Mrs. Spencer, hotly. "But this is ridiculous. A woman cannot go ball."

"I think my offer, with power of attorney in Mr. Widdin's hands, will be accepted," replied Helen. "I think, indeed, that Mr. Spencer is already free. I have no fears of his avowing a trial."

"But for you to take such an action! Without consulting me or your father!" exclaimed the excited and agitated woman.

"Excuse me, mother; that is not the reason."

"This is ridiculous, child. As if it was of the least importance what he chose to think. I am glad that your connection with him has been broken off. A man not only of the lower classes, but seemingly without known father or mother."

"Who told you that?" demanded Helen, with a quick flush upon her face. "That is the reason, then, that I had to give him up! But I know who told you."

There was a glint in the young lady's eyes, and her lips were closely set.

"It does not matter who told me," answered her mother, with dignity. "The only question is to its truth."

"Excuse me, mother; that is not the question at all. I do not court social disgrace—not do I fear it, if justice and the opinions of society come in conflict. The real question is as to the spite which has thus thought to injure a deserving young man, by what may be an infamous lie."

"My dear, I am surprised that you should permit yourself to become excited," said Mrs. Andrews, nestling more cosily in her chair, and waving the fan with a long, indolent sweep. "There's nothing more plebeian; and I really object to any animated discussion on the subject of a mere music teacher."

"A mere man!" retorted Helen, with some sarcasm. "Yet it is not he who excited me, nor do I fear it, if justice and the opinions of society come in conflict. The real question is as to the spite which has thus thought to injure a deserving young man, by what may be an infamous lie."

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"You clung to that word spite, Helen. What possible spite can Mr. Williamson bear against this man?"

A slight flush came to Helen's cheek, as she turned her head partly away, as if to look out of the window. She made no answer for a minute, the mother's eyes resting curiously on her ingenuous face.

"Whatever his reasons, the fact remains," responded Helen, with an excited accent. "And I despise him for it! If matters nothing to me if one has the entree to the best society and the other not. Whatever fortune may have done for them, the fact remains that Mr. Spencer has been born a gentleman, and Mr. Williamson not."

"You are assuming too much now, Helen," responded Helen, with an excited accent. "And I despise him for it! If matters nothing to me if one has the entree to the best society and the other not. Whatever fortune may have done for them, the fact remains that Mr. Spencer has been born a gentleman, and Mr. Williamson not."

"I am assuming nothing. Suppose it all be true that Williamson says—nay, all that he implies—even then the stubborn fact remains that his base gossip lowers him far more than his birth can possibly lower Mr. Spencer. All that cant of the invisible virtue of aristocratic breeding is dying out, in modern society. Men are learning to take of their neighbors for what they are, not what some absurd social code declares them."

The young lady's voice was a little warm, and she spoke with much energy of accent.

"Well, you are improving, Helen," declared her mother, sarcastically. "I think it was high time that I changed your associations. Yet people generally, even in these democratic days, would hardly care to mix with gentlemen born out of lawful wedlock—people in our set, I mean."

"I fear that if people in our set knew all, they would be still less inclined to associate with Mr. Spencer."

As she spoke Helen had risen, and stood, resting one hand on the chair back, her face and the whole pose of her body seeming full of indignant scorn of the verdict of "our set."

Mrs. Andrews lifted her long lashes, indolently, and rested her eyes for a moment in admiration upon the graceful pose of her daughter, full of an unconscious charm that would have stirred the soul of an artist to its depths.

"Knew all?"

"Yes," somewhat curiously.

"There is more, then, to know?"

"Suppose I tell you," and now Helen spoke quickly, and with repressed excitement, "that this young man has sinned beyond redemption—in making an unscrupulous enemy."

"What can you mean?" was the indolent answer.

"I mean that Harry Spencer has been arrested—this very day—in my presence. Arrested for no less a crime than being an accomplice of counterfeiters. The proof was found in his house."

"Why, girl, you take my breath!" exclaimed Mrs. Andrews, starting up from her reclining posture.

"It is all true."

"And you still defend him? Did you expect anything better from one of his sort?"

"I still defend him!" answered Helen, seeming to gain the calmness which her mother had lost. "I believe—I know he is innocent. Therefore I defend him. Justice shall be done. He shall be freed from this false charge. And he loses nothing, in my estimation, because he is accused of a crime which he never committed."

"The proofs found in his own house? What evidence is your girlish belief against that? You are letting a childish imagination run away with you now, Helen."

"I know he is the victim of some base plot; I shall never desert him while I believe him innocent!"

"Do you remember about whom you are talking, Helen, or the character of his relations with you?" asked her mother, with much dignity of manner. "This is only your music-teacher; not your friend and associate. And he seems to have effectively put a bar to any further lessons—unless, indeed, you should desire to take them in his prison cell." Her voice had grown very sarcastic.

"There will be no need of that," Helen retorted, quietly.

"And why not? I think he will hardly get bail on such a charge."

"There are strong circumstances in his favor, mother. I am satisfied that the judge will accept bail for him."

"It must be some heavy amount."

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"There are strong circumstances in his favor, mother. I am satisfied that the judge will accept bail for him."

"Then you are a married woman?"

"I was," she answered, with a sigh.

"I presume, then, your husband is dead."

"In one sense of the word he is."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Zane, puzzled by the woman's answer.

"He no longer loves me," she spoke figuratively.

"Where is he now?"

"I know not. He left here a few minutes ago."

"Whom do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Zane.

"Randolph Spencer!" was the startling answer.

A cry of surprise burst from Mrs. Zane's lips.

"Woman! you are uttering a falsehood!" she cried.

"I speak the truth; Randolph Spencer is my lawful husband, and yet he would marry that innocent child," said the squaw, pointing to Ida, while her eyes fairly blazed with the fire of pent-up emotions: "we were concealed under some drooping willows in our canoe when her young lover left her yesterday. We heard Randolph Spencer come to her and abuse her for permitting her gallant boy-lover to kiss her."

"Oh, my God!" cried Mrs. Zane, wringing her hands in grief, "when will my troubles be over?"

"You, too, then, have had a life of trouble!" the Indian woman said, inquiringly.

"Yes, yes, it is woman's lot to suffer."

"It seems so," replied Maneliah; "years ago mine began when I was young and light-hearted as your pretty daughter. I was forced to marry Spencer by a cruel, selfish guardian who thought more of gold than human happiness. I soon hated Spencer with all the intensity of my soul, because I loved another. And Spencer, soon tiring of me, deserted me; and then I was almost alone in the cold, cruel world which held but little sympathy for the discarded wife. But, thank God, I had a kind and loving brother who took me to his far-off frontier-home, and there I lived for years in seclusion and quietude. Were his desertion of me the only crime of which he was guilty I could easily forgive him, because I knew I could not be what a wife should be to him, and at the same time love another."

"Then he has other crimes resting upon his soul?" said Mrs. Zane.

"I believe, although I am not certain, that the curse of Cain rests upon his soul. He had a half-brother named Randolph Spencer—his own name being Henry Mount. These brothers favored each other so closely that one was often mistaken for the other. Many times have I heard Henry Mount, my husband, make the remark that if Randolph should suddenly disappear he could pass himself as the missing man, and at the same time declare that it was Henry that was missing. After I had been in my frontier home awhile the news came to my ears that Henry Mount had been found dead in the river, and everything went to show that he had been murdered. I thought at the time that Randolph was very wealthy I wondered if Henry had dealt foully with him. Time went on and the first thing I knew I heard that one Randolph Spence and James Trimble had purchased a large tract of timber-land on the South Black river, and with a large force of workmen had commenced chopping and rafting. I wondered if it was the Randolph Spencer whom I had once known, and waited a long while before I got to see him. One day he passed through our settlement on a hunting excursion and I got a glimpse of him; but for my life I couldn't tell whether it was Henry or Randolph. My general impression, however, was that it was Randolph; and, if so, I felt satisfied that Henry had murdered him and then taken his brother's name. The uncertainty of this identity preyed upon my mind day and night; and I finally resolved to end the suspense and doubt I was laboring under by ascertaining the facts in the case. I knew that if it was Henry living he was imitating all the peculiarities of his brother to a wonderful degree of success; and there was but one thing about Henry by which I could identify him beyond doubt. This was a large scar extending across the cheek and throat where he had been wounded in a drunken row the year he and I were married."

"Nearly a year ago, I, in company with a friend, descended the Black river, and one night paddled our canoe over and landed on a large raft upon which Spencer was known to be. Watching my chances, for it was very dark and dangerous footing on the raft, I stole forward, and when the captain sat bolt upright in a half-drunk stupor, I walked into the tent and carefully raising his long beard, saw the telltale scar upon his throat. He was Henry Mount, and not Randolph Spencer; and this very fact convinces me that he murdered his brother for his property, then left that country and came here, hoping to escape identification. This, my friends, is the truth, though it is not all of which Henry Mount is guilty. I tell you that much that you may escape the monster's clutches."

"Ah! I see you are not an Indian," said Mrs. Zane, greatly excited.

"No; I am a white woman, as you can see," she replied, revealing a bosom of snowy whiteness. "My name is Edith Mount."

"Does he know that you are living?" Ida asked, her eyes swimming in tears of both joy and pity.

"He did know it a few evenings ago, though he supposed I was dead—a victim of another foul murder of his; and when he discovered I was living, he attempted to kill me again. I fired at me, inflicting a severe wound in the breast from which I am now suffering. When that same inhuman monster tripped me up a few minutes ago, under the impression that I was an old squaw, the fall hurt me very much."

"Oh, poor, persecuted soul!" cried Mrs. Zane. "you have saved my child from ruin and death, for in two days more she would have wedded to that villain!"

"I learned some time ago, through a friend, that he was paying respects to a young girl here; and it was to warn her that I came to the Blue Marsh to-day."

"God bless you!" exclaimed the mother, and falling upon her knees she clasped the hands of Edith, while her white lips moved in a prayer of thanks to Him who sees the fall of every sparrow, and holds the destiny of each soul in the hollow of His hand.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A LIVELY RACE.

BUT little sleep came to the eyes of Goliah Strong and his friends, after Old Wolverine and one of the bee-hunters left camp for the Five Points. Thoughts of the restoration of his father's fortune kept Nattie Darrall awake, restless and impatient. Goliah was calm, thoughtful and watchful, for he could not dismiss all fears of danger from his mind.

Morning at length dawned, and after breaking fast on wild turkey, Goliah said:

"Boys, it will be noon or after before Wolverine and Ed return; and as we can do nothing here, suppose we make a flying visit over to the Blue Marsh? We have no time to lose."

"I'm in for it!" exclaimed Nattie, eagerly.

"Anything will suit me," said Frank Ballard.

Goliah took a slip of paper from his pocket, and with a pencil wrote their intention upon it and then pinned the same to the tree under which they were encamped, that Wolverine and Ed might know where they were, should the two return from the Points before they came back from the marsh. This done, they took their departure.

About noon Old Wolverine and Ed Mathews returned from the Points with the spade; but were astonished to find their friends had deserted camp, and from all appearances, hours before. Goliah's notice, however, did not escape their eyes, and when Ed had read it, all fears subsided.

"They'll not be back af're night, Edward," Old Wolverine said; "if Goliah goes up that finds that woman his wife, and that gal, Ida, his daughter, he'll not leave that right away, that's my pinion. I wouldn't, you may bet."

"Well, why can't we begin the search for those Darrall papers?" Ed asked.

"We can, if you remember the instructions."

"I remember every word: 'under an oak tree in the bend between the mouth of the North and South Black rivers,' is what the paper said."

"Then come along," said Wolverine, and with his rifle upon his shoulder and the spade under his arm, the two set off through the woods.

They penetrated to the river, searching the forest carefully as they advanced. They moved up and down the stream, keeping within speaking distance apart. For an hour they searched the bend over and over, and Ed had begun to despair of finding the tree, when suddenly he was startled by a low whistle from Wolverine.

Peering through the dense woods, he saw the old hunter beckoning him toward him, and crossing over to where he stood under a great oak, he was greeted with the exclamation:

"Eureka! Eureka!"

Ed jerked off his hat and would have uttered a shout of joy, had Wolverine not enjoined silence upon him.

"That may be enemies lurkin' about," he said; "moreover, the box may not be under this tree, and so a feller'd better not holler till out o' the woods. But from 'pearances, I should think this war the spot. That is a kind of a sink in the ground which looks as though the dirt had settled; and that on the tree you can see the bark has been blazed off some time ago."

These marks were all very plain, and since the tree was the only oak of any size that they had found, there was not much doubt of its being the one alluded to in Thoms' paper. So divesting himself of his rifle and accouterments, Wolverine began digging around the sunken spot previously mentioned. He had not taken out more than half a dozen shovelfuls of dirt when, lo! and behold! he turned up a small box covered with black rust.

"That's it! that's it!" exclaimed Ed, stooping, and taking up the box in his hands.

Wolverine dropped the spade, and together he and Ed examined the box carefully over. The lid was rusted fast, and in several places the rust had eaten through the tin. They had no difficulty in breaking the box open, and when they did so a package rolled up in a newspaper fell out.

Ed opened the bundle, and found the Darrall papers in a good state of preservation, though quite damp and musty. He glanced over the writing and signatures, and when assured that they were the right papers, he wrapped them in a handkerchief and replaced them in the broken box. At this juncture a voice, stern and deadly, exclaimed:

"Drop that box where you stand, or die!"

Ed started with a cry of horror, and lifting his eyes, he beheld the muzzle of a rifle thrust through a clump of bushes near, and a deadly eye blazing down the barrel. The face and form of the man was concealed; but there was no disguising the voice. It was that of Jim Trimble.

Old Wolverine was already covered from danger by the trunk of the great oak, and, acting upon the spur of the moment, Ed leaped to one side as quick as a flash, and placed a tree between himself and the muzzle of the assassin's gun. Trimble fired, but a second too late, whereupon Old Wolverine drew his revolver, and reaching around the tree, began firing rapidly, though at random, upon the enemy.

The latter returned the fire, one or two bullets cutting close to Wolverine's hand.

When the old hunter had emptied the last chamber of his revolver, he turned and whistled for his dogs that were out in the woods near. As old Baltic came lumbering up from the river, where he had been wallowing in the water, the sound of retreating footsteps was heard on the other side, and peeping around the tree, the hunter saw Trimble and the late Sheriff MacIna running off at the top of their speed.

The dogs had again put them to flight.

"Now, Ed," said the old borderman, "is our time, so let's peg out for tall timber. That's not denying the fact that Trimble, one of the signers of those notes and the mortgage in that box, knows that they are in our possession. They will move heaven and earth, and ransack hell and fury to find us. Come along, Ed, for they come in force—more than twenty of them! It's no use making a stand; they're too many for the Old Guard. Here we go, like a scotin' brace of marts!"

Wolverine and Ed, the latter with the box under one arm, and his rifle under the other, took to their heels, and with all their speed fled up the river.

Trimble, followed by a score of lumbermen and gamblers of South Haven, pursued them—yelling like demons, and firing their guns and revolvers at random. Bullets whistled and rattled through the shrubbery like hail—many of them passing uncomfortably near to the heads of the fugitives.

The latter soon reached the river, then turned and sped along the shore. Trimble and his men, following close behind, shouted lustily for them to halt, their commands being accompanied by oaths and threats of the most horrible kind.

"Drop that box!" yelled Trimble, "or, by the gods, we will give you no quarter."

"The devil 'll give you quarters in a warm corner," replied Old Wolverine.

"Wolverine," cried Ed, "they're gaining upon rapidly."

"Meby we can dodge them up here and git over onto Castle Island. Keep a stiff upper lip, Ed, and hoe it down lively. If them critters git a hold on us they'll be apt to smash us bald."

"Carry my rifle a moment, then," said Ed.

Wolverine dropped back, and taking Mathews' rifle, again dashed on ahead. He had gone but a few paces when he heard somethingplash in the water, a little behind him, and glancing back over his shoulder, he saw, to his surprise and horror, that the young bee-hunter had thrown the box into the river.

"My great Lord, boy!" he exclaimed, turning upon the youth, his eyes flashing with indignation, "what in fury did you throw that away fur? Now all is lost—see, the box is floating, and the demons will have it, papers and all."

Ed glanced back and saw that the box had fallen with the open side up, and was floating slowly away at the will of the current.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 375.)

One of the World's Mysteries.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

critters git a hold on us they'll be apt to smash us bald."

that silvery radiance with a look in her eyes and a smile upon her lips which intoxicated him by what they revealed. Then he was holding both her hands in a hard grasp, utterly forgetful of that past horror, and pouring out a passionate tide of words all without apparent volition of his own; winning in return what swept him with a wave of rapture, her promise to be his wife.

That sense of rapture was present with him through all the wild excitement of the time afterward. Who had done the deed?

Pacing the blood-stained ground, and fancying he could still see the stark form lying there, Cliff watched in the early morning until the man for whom he waited came. The redness of sunrise was tinged the grove when a pale face looked forth from a leafy screen, and meeting the gaze of the watcher, Russ Haven's stealthy figure crept reluctantly forward.

"I suppose your mission is the same as mine," he said, sullenly. "Have you found anything to trace the crime?"

"Nothing. You should know that the man who struck that blow was careful to leave no clue."

"The man!" said Russ, with a dissenting shrug. "People say it was more likely a woman, one who had cause to take vengeance upon him."

"A woman strike unerringly and with such strength! Do you want to tell me next that you know who did it?" cried Cliff, wrathfully. A fierce gleam shot from the other's drooping eyes, and some inexplicable emotion twitched his lips.

"I know who did it and what motive led to the deed," cried Cliff again. "And you—I wonder at your effrontry! It is worthy the coward who would strike unaware a defenseless man. I came here to say that I know you did it, and to warn you. I will keep the bloody secret on condition only that you leave this place forever. How Wilde's pure soul would shrink from your guilty one, but I almost pity you, for I know you were mad with love for her. For her sake I spare you."

The thin lips that had turned pale against the yellow face twitched again, and Haven said jibingly:

"Your leniency is the more remarkable that you have such cause for regret." Then, firmly: "You are not beggared because he is dead. Thanks for your warning all the same. I will heed it."

He went that very day, but before he went he had a private interview with Wilde. What proved audacious! He came forth from it more like a man who wore a conscious triumph than the weight of guilt upon his soul.

When they two met again she was Wallace's wife. It was in the dreary north where Wilde's fancy had carried them to pass the honeymoon, though winter was coming on. A dull day, a sheet of leaden water reflecting a leaden sky, and she pacing the shore, impelled by the fever scorching in her veins. Without a shadow, and without a sound, she found her son Russ standing there before her, and reeled with an irrepressible cry.

"You?"

"I. Wore you not expecting me? Did you think I would not go to the world's end to felicitate you upon your happiness? I only wish it may be as long-lived as your faith deserves, cousin mine, and I venture the prediction that it will be."

Lander glanced around to see what had changed from sharp impatience in his friend's voice to something very like consternation, and beheld a thin, sallow-faced young man sauntering past.

"The hopeful cousin, eh? Never mind, Cliff. If you do lose, Russ Haven will be no nearer winning for any crumbs of information he may pick up and carry. Fancy that bloodless creature interfering with either you or me."

"Bloodless!" said Cliff, between his teeth. "By the Lord! I believe he has more heart and feeling in one minute's time than you ever had in all your life. He loves her, at least. If it is not beyond my province to ask, what has set you to wis'ing to marry Wilde?"

"It is beyond your province, rather. It might be any one of a half-dozen reasons; because I am hard hit, or mercenary, or that she seems to prefer you, and I choose to cut you out. A consummation which is not at all a certainty yet."

She could scarcely speak for her quick heart-beats, and her hand shook as she held an open sheet toward him. He turned his face, and the look he wore forced a moan to her lips. Too late for any escape, she knew full well.

"Bloodless!" said Cliff, between his teeth. "With dry sobbing, her wild gaze seeking his with an agony of pleading for which she could not, or would not, speak.

"Oh, Cliff—husband—have mercy!"

"Mercy for the murderer?" She shrank under the word as if it had been a blow. "I have no room for doubt left, and yet if you were to look me in the eyes and tell me it is not so, I could almost find it in my heart to believe you, I have loved you so."

"And you, Oh, believe that, whatever ill you know of me—believe that always. It was because I loved you, Cliff."

"What was? That foul deed? He had ruined me, but he had no power over you."

"He had, the power to separate you and me forever. Oh, through no fault of yours. Pitiful was my husband."

Wilde fell back in the chair from which he had arisen, full stunned.

"Come on," he said, hoarsely. "Tell me all."

With the recklessness of desperation she told him. Of course he had kept the matter quiet, and the cool heartlessness of the man whose short-lived passion had worn to satisfy first and then indifference. How she had loved him—Cliff—and plead for freedom only to be repuls

TIME.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I met an aged white-haired man
Upon the prairie land.
His step was slow, his back was bent;
All of beneath a load;
His voice it hardly could be heard,
The man was past his prime:
Said I, "My friend, you ought to know—
Oh, tell me what is time?"

He paused upon his staff and felt
Within his pocket his watch,
He looked up on his watch, and said,
"I have no time to tell."
Said I, "You had much of it once,
And didn't save a bit?"
He answered, "I've had cords of time
But failed to bottle it.

"Tis something which fleet horses make
Upon the racing track;
It's six hours from the hour
When watches don't go back;
It's something which you cannot see
Until it has gone o'er;
The creditor wants less of it—
The debtor he wants more.

"Tis a very noiseless fact,
That's heavy on your hands,
It will not ruts across the brow
That much resembles bands;
It jerks you from the cradle, and
It sets you on your feet,
And then it knocks you down again
Whenever it thinks meet.

"I've passed time very many times,
Yet it we've never lost;
The older brother you up to time
By making you come down.
Behind time I have often been,
And sometimes been ahead;
Like what your buttons are sewed with,
It is a slender thread.

"It passes as it was greased,
"Tis gone but leaves a trace,
It takes the bloom from off your cheek—
That's to say it's gone.
"Tis said to be an aged man
But yet extremely litho,
Who takes the hair all off your head
With his sharp-edged scythe.

"The almanacs are full of it,
And jewelry shops, as well,
So time is time on hand
That they have some to sell.
Good-day, for time and I are short
And I must onward fare,
I've given you all the time I could,
And have no more to spare."

MORAL.

The moral of this rhyme is plain
To youth as well as man,
Time's precious, therefore always take
As much time as you can.

Schamyl,

THE CAPTIVE PRINCE;

OR,

The Cossack Envoy.

A Story of Russian Life and Adventure.

BY LAUNCE FOYNTZ,
AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," "CAVALRY CUSTER," ETC.

VII.

A STRANGE ENCOUNTER.

As they gazed upon the battle its aspect began to change under the eyes of Ziska and his friend. The moving dots, sparkling with fire, resolved themselves into skirmishing horsemen slowly falling back toward the Cossacks, and with a glass one might perceive that some of them wore bright armor, flashing in the sun.

Presently a great cloud of dust came driving out of the battle, and in the midst of the dust a mass of wild horsemen was seen galloping at full speed along the front of the Russian artillery, which began to play furiously. As it passed along, this mass of men, who were all on horseback, all going at full speed, and the fire did not seem to have much effect on them, most of the shells flying over-head or bursting beyond them. This irregular clan of wild riders passed on, clearing the whole Russian front, and then Ziska could see what a very small comparative force had been holding them at bay. There seemed to be two battalions of infantry, dark and steady, and a single squadron of Cossacks, with six guns, while the mass of the enemy's horse was three or four times as large. Alexis Gogol was watching the battle with a grave, troubled face.

"There are very few of them, prince," he said, slowly, "and if they are killed it will be no small loss for the cause of progress among us."

Ziska turned sharply on him.

"You are a Russian, I am not; but I cannot see soldiers slaughtered by savages. We at least are Christians. I shall help them."

As he spoke, the enemy's horsemen suddenly gathered together, gave a tremendous yell, and dashed at the flank of the battery of guns, regardless of the small square of infantry behind it. They charged in the most reckless style, yelling and shrieking, with a volley of pistol bullets flying ahead of them, and a moment later they were in among the guns, shooting right and left at the gunners.

Ziska hesitated no longer. He saw that the Russes were overmatched by numbers, and their guns were silent for awhile. He waved his hand to his bugler, and the loud blare of the Cossack trumpet sounded the wild notes of the charge, far over the steppes. Then away went the whole regiment full speed after the rebels, taking them in rear as they were among the Russian guns.

Then indeed there was fighting. The enemy, as Gogol had said, seemed to be composed of Bashkir Tartars and wild Circassians, all Moslems, all well-mounted, and all desperate fighters. Taken by surprise, as they were, and so taken by surprise, they nevertheless made a stubborn fight. The Tartars, however, were poorly armed, having little but sabers, and the long pistole of the Circassians were clumsy old-fashioned affairs, most of them emptied in the preceding charge, whereas the Cossacks carried the latest Russian breech-loading rifles and revolvers. The men were all used to shooting from the saddle like so many Indians, and it is not surprising that they made short work of the rebel horsemen.

Before they had been into the fight three minutes, the whole mass, pursuers and pursued, swept through the Russian lines, followed by a storm of bullets from the infantry square, firing on friend and foe alike, and went rolling over the wide steppe, cutting, shooting and slashing at each other with the wild, unmerciful fury of their ancestors in the days of Djenghis Khan.

Presently Ziska Hoffman came to his senses and found himself separated from his men in the midst of the enemy. How he came there he could not tell himself. He had headed the charge, full of excitement, had lost his coolness in the confused struggle, and now there he was, his horse at full speed, himself in the midst of a group of wild Circassians all going together.

Around him was a cloud of dust, and soon panions did not seem to notice him, or at least took him for one of themselves. He could see that while some wore armor, many more carried bows and arrows as himself, that of the Cossacks of the Caucasus, a sort of cross on the Circassian dress. As soon as he realized this the young correspondent began to pull at his horse gradually, so as to draw out of the dust and crowd. He could hear shots behind him, and the bullets of his own Cossacks were whistling in very dangerous proximity to his ears.

Still he slowly checked his horse and began to draw out of the dangerous vicinity, when the shriek and roar of a shell passing through the air announced that the Russian guns were at work again, playing on the fugitives. In another minute the messenger of death burst right

ahead in the midst of a group of flying Bashkir Tartars and dashed men and horses, all gashed and maimed, in every direction.

Then you should have seen the riders scatter! A bursting shell in the midst of the oldest troops is a fearful visitation; among poorly-disciplined irregulars it is demoralizing in the extreme. There was a wild cry of panic, and the Tartars and Circassians galloped away in radiating lines from the scene of the disaster. Ziska Hoffman found himself once more separated absolutely alone, and looked round for his own men.

There they were at least a mile off to the rear, and the dark compact appearance of their body told that they had rallied from the confusion of the charge and were re-forming their lines. But much nearer than them, and in fact between him and his command, was another body of troops, dark in garb, and mounted on horses of one color. They were coming straight toward him, within two hundred yards, and Ziska's face blanched for a moment as he recognized that they were the true Caucasian Cosacks so called, really Circassians, the most desperate horsemen of the Russian army. They had seen him and were coming for him. Their compact, regular appearance showed that they were in perfect training, rather disdainful of those comrades who had fled. They were running at an easy canter, and seemed to disdain to flee from the artillery though there was not more than a single somnia or squadron of them, all told. All this Ziska saw in a glance as well as that they must be mutineers from the Russian army. Then he set spurs to his horse and shot away diagonally across their front to get back to his own men.

The Caucasians continued at a canter, but three men rode out from the ranks, jumped off their horses and leveled the rifles at him.

Ziska full speed and just as he came opposite to the nearest corner of the enemy, the three rifles fired off. The first sent a bullet fizzing past his head, the second ball struck the point of his saddle with a snap, the third was half a raftsmen an' river-rats what hung round the town. If a raftsmen tackled one o' them sharks, it was a long chance if he didn't git floored. It wasn't healthy fur 'im if he showed any considerable sum o' money. They'd lay fur 'im outside; an' like's not he wouldn't be around to catch him.

Instinctively the young man started to his feet and drew both pistols from his girdle; the next minute he was surrounded by the enemy in their long dark coats and black caps, while a dozen sabers waved above him.

Then he began to pull the triggers of his revolvers, and to his horror a faint click told him what had forgotten, that he had thrown away all his charges in the excitement of the previous flight.

Then the Caucasian rode at him, raising his saber, a second followed, and Ziska instinctively raised his empty revolvers to ward the blows.

Then he heard a sudden shout in the barbarous gutturals of Dagestan, and an old gray-bearded warrior struck up the sabers of his enemies and called out:

"It is the prince himself! Save him, brothers! Catch him up!"

How the next thing happened Ziska was hardly conscious, but he felt two horses brush by them from the rear, and found himself seized by the arms and swinging bodily up in the air. A moment later, he was riding along in the midst of the Circassians, a fresh horse having been placed under him, and was galloping away from his friends, a prisoner.

The sensation was decidedly strange. For reasons, which the reader will understand in due time, Ziska Hoffman understood the Circassian language and all that was said by his captors, but he nevertheless felt himself in an awkward predicament. It was obvious that he was mistaken for some one else.

Presently the old warrior he had noticed came up to his side, and Ziska had the opportunity of inspecting him closely. He was a tall, slender old man, with the peculiar slight, graceful figure of all Circassians. His waist was small, his shoulders of medium breadth, arms and legs long and sinewy, face of the true high-bred Caucasian type, that makes the mountaineers between the Caspian and the Black Sea the handsomest race of men and women in the world. His long, gray pointed beard flowed to his waist, and his large brown eyes lighted with affectionate pride as he looked at Ziska.

"My prince," he said, "to think that we were nearly killing the only hope of our race, rescued from the power of the accursed Russ, whose master Allah abhorred at the last day! Praise to Allah, who has rewarded us both. You do not know me, prince."

"Well, no," said Ziska, in the language of the old man. "I don't remember clearly. You are?"

"I am Hadji Moussa," said the old man, proudly. "I am the man who stood by Kasi Moolay when I was a boy, and heard his last words, 'No peace with the infidels while we have it not.'

Ziska looked doubtfully at Hadji Moussa.

"And yet the Toberkess made peace with the Russ at last."

Hadji Moussa's eyes blazed.

"An' you mean when they seized the prophet, Schamyl, and made him swear peace. It was well, while he lived. The Tcherkess owed too much to their prophet to disobey his words while he lived. But he is dead and his sons are alive. We have hunted the wide world over for them. The Tcherkess are sworn to fight for the sons of Schamyl when they find them. And we have found one, praise to Allah."

Ziska again looked doubtful.

"The Prince Schamyl is a prisoner in St. Petersburg," he said, slowly. "He too, has sworn peace, and dare not break his word."

"But his brother has not," said the old warrior, eagerly. "Tell me my lord, that it is not true."

And the whole aspect of the old man changed to one of intense anxiety and pleading.

Ziska Hoffman rode silently on for some moments.

They were still going at an easy gallop, but the Cossacks seemed to have ceased the pursuit, while the wild Tartars and Bashkirs in front were beginning to slacken their pace and gather into groups. The little squadron of Circassians pulled up to a walk and proceeded more leisurely now, while Ziska answered the question of Hadji Moussa.

"How should I know the intentions of the prince?" he said, evasively.

Hadji Moussa frowned heavily, and spoke in an angry tone:

"My lord, it is not for me to speak without reverence to your father's son, but remember that I was with him when he died at Medina, and that he charged me strictly to watch over and guard his sons Prince Hamet Schamyl and Prince—"

"Say it not," interrupted Ziska, hastily. "That name is sacred to silence. In poverty and exile, wandering over land and sea, its owner has carried it in the dark, so that none know where he is. Hadji Moussa, be you none the less discreet. There is no promise to the Russ."

Hadji Moussa's face cleared instantly.

"Come, we'll go to the free hills of the Dagestan, and we will rouse the mountains for God and the prophet Schamyl, and cast the proud Russ into the sea. The Commander of the Faithful calls his children and the standard of the Prophet waves in the wind. No tried Moslem can stay behind."

Ziska looked troubled and doubtful. As they rode on the blue hills before them had become distinct and one might see snowy peaks above, while far in the distance the scream of a locomotive could be heard.

Hadji Moussa pointed and laughed.

"See, my lord, yonder is Vladik-Kavkaz, the last station of the accursed Russ. To-morrow we shall be in the free hills."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 380.)

EACH breeze that blows from the Danube brings to our ears the clash of resounding vowels.

In a Tight Box.

BY HAP HAZARD.

Wal, that's jest the way that little feller acted. Oh, but he whaled, an' he flounced, an' he spun round an' round, like a parched pea on a hot griddle!

I was standin' a-nigh him; so I ketched a-holt of 'im. But, gents, he was all over me in a minute, until I looked like a fast-class slaugherhouse! Then he give a screech like seven cats with their tails caught in the jams o' the door, an' straightened out stiffer'n a mackerel!

I helped carry him into a room, an' then I began to look around for the boys, but there was no sign o' them.

It was twelve o'clock at night, an' blacker'n Egypt out; fur a fog had settled down since we went into the saloon. I didn't know hyer from nowhar; an' when I found the river at last I walked up and down the shore for a mile but a feller boat led down the steep hillside where they'd rolled in each other's deadly embrace. We followed this track of blood to its end. But when we war surprised to find no dead bodies. Not a vestige of a man, save pools of blood, all black and coagulated, could we find. We give 'em up as dead and devoured, hide and hair, by the wolves.

"Poor Mike!" said I; "it is sad to be exterminated by one who's not your enemy, when one word might 'a' saved all." Mike was a good soul, but he was some vicious and many faults. He was as wild as a lion, shot as a razor on the trail, and spoke well of his native land. He was also a good shot and a royal good companion—full of fun and wit; but he would drink liquor to excess; and I firmly believe that if he was dying, and had half an hour to confess his sins or play a game at cards, he'd take the cards. Oh, snakes! but he does love a deck of cards."

"Just like my companion, Red Hoss," said Zeb, telling the virtues of his friend; "he war an Inglin—a Pawnee—and a braver warrior never faced his squaw. But he could be civilized in only three things: drinking, playin' cards and chasin' after women. He'd drink a gallon of firewater without takin' breath, an' I've seed him play cards when besieged by enemies when the bullets of the latter'd actually pluck the cards outen his fingers. Poor Red Hoss!"

"Brave souls!" said I, gravely; "they're gone to their final rest. They'll never drink nor play, nor唱 again in this world."

"Never," said Zeb, sadly.

"Then we sat down and wept for the departed, and arter we'd dried our tears, we marked the place whay they died and carved their names on a big stum. Then I invited Zeb to go home with me, and away we went, sad enough. When we come in sight of my cabin, what was my surprise to see smoke issing from the chimney. It tol' me it was the Inglin's cabin, and I went up with my domiale, and so, for fear of danger, I waited till darknes set in, when we crawled down to the back of the cabin and peeped in at a hole in the wall. The room was lit up with a fire on the hearth, and in the glow of that fire-Well, who do you think we seed?"

"A band of Blackfeet," said a dozen of our party.

"Blackfeet be blowed!" continued old Dick, contemptuously; "it war that infernal Mike Kelley, with his face all chopped up, one of his eyes black, and swelled shut, his head bandaged and his nose shinin' like a lobster, settin' that with my jug by his side, playin' cards."

"What alone!" exclaimed our comrade.

"Well, what did you and Zeb do?" asked one of the party.

"Resolved to go in the cabin and exterminate the two oryeny, ungrateful vagrants," replied Dick.

"And did you do it?"

"We didn't kill 'em; but we sat down and just skinned 'em out of their eyes at a few games of old sledge."

Ripples.

BETWEEN Kherson and Schwerin, there's a vast amount of profanity going on all over Europe just at present.

After a boy is tired out hoeing potatoes, nothing seems to rest him more than to dig over a few square rods of greensward in search of bait.

"My luck," exclaimed a Bohemian, "is so atrocious bad, that I believe if I were to invest in some soap, washing would go out of fashion to-morrow."

PROBABLY one of the most trying times in a man's life is when he introduces his second wife, seventeen years old, to his eldest daughter, who is past twenty.

SNOOPS says if you wish to recollect a man's name about these days go security for his house-rent. For keeping your memory fresh there is nothing like this plan.

A MUSIC publisher has issued "The White Whale March." We should like to see a white whale march. There must be a considerable blubber in such a performance.

A boy who fell into the Mohawk clung to a pail of milk that he was carrying, and seemed astonished when, on being rescued, he saw that the milk was mixed with water.

WHEN you stand at a gate with a pretty girl and the moon is shining too brightly for kissing, ask her to fix your necktie, which will require you to stoop and her to stand on tiptoe.

It makes a man feel mean enough to bite his coat buttons off to discover that, when the collection-box is only two seats away, he has left his purse in the hip pocket of his everyday pants.

SOMEBODY remarks that young ladies look on a boy as a nuisance until he is past sixteen, when he generally doubles up in value each year until, like a meerschaum pipe, he is priceless.

THEY were at a dinner party, and he remarked that